THE

Mistaken Husband.

A

COMEDIE,

As it is Acted by

His MAJESTIES SERVANTS

At the

Theatre-Royall.

By a Person of Quality.

——Hæc placuit semel—— [*Hor.*]

LONDON,

Printed for *F. Magnes* and *R. Bentley* in *Russel-street* in *Coven-Garden* near the *Piazza's*, Anno Domini, MDCLXXV.

The Bookseller to the Reader.

THis Play was left in Mr. Dryden's hands many years since: The Author of it was unknown to him, and return'd not to claim it; 'Tis therefore to be presum'd that he is dead. After Twelve years expectation, Mr. Dryden gave it to the Players, having upon perusal of it, found that it deserv'd a better Fate than to be buried in obscurity: I have heard him say, that finding a Scene wanting, he supply'd it; and many have affirm'd, that the stile of it is proper to the Subject, which is that the French call Basse Comedy. The turns of it are natural, and the resemblance of one man to another, has not only been the foundation of this, but of many other Plays. Plautus his Amphitrion, was the Original

of

of all, and Shakeſpear *and* Moliere *have copied him with ſucceſs. Nevertheleſs, if this Play in it ſelf ſhould be a trifle, which you have no reaſon to ſuſpect, becauſe that incomparable Perſon would not from his Ingenious labours loſe ſo much time as to write a whole Scene in it, which in it ſelf ſufficiently makes you amends, for Poetry being like Painting, where, if a great Maſter have but touch'd upon an ordinary Piece, he makes it of Value to all underſtanding Men; as I doubt not but this will be by his Additions: As it is, I am reſolv'd to detain you no longer from it, but ſubſcribe my ſelf,*

Your very Humble Servant,

R. BENTLEY.

THE PROLOGUE.

Our modeſt Poet's *in as great a fright,*
As a young Bride *upon her Wedding Night.*
She ſtarts and trembles when ſhe ſees the Bed,
Like Criminals *to execution led:*
Alas poor thing, ſhe's loath to loſe her --Head.
As Boyes ſtand ſhivering on a Rivers brim,
Enquire the warmth, and depth, of thoſe that ſwim.
She cries to Married Friends, what ſhall I do,
I do ſo ſhake, Lord, was it ſo with you:
And yet ſhe makes a hard ſhift to go through.
But that once o're what ſhe eſteem'd a Crime,
She boldly runs to meet a ſecond Time.
Poets were once as full of trouble too,
But now they're deſperate —
To loſe this Play as much our Poet *ſtrives,*
As you to hide your Miſſes *from your* Wives.

He

The Prologue.

He thinks your Criticks (*and* I gad *he's right*)
Are grown as mercileſs to thoſe that Write:
As Husbands to their Wives 'oth' Wedding-Night.
You care no more for Poets *pains and fears,*
Then thoſe vile Men *regard* poor Womens *tears.*
You ſtair and ſniff when you're to miſchief bent,
As if like Hounds you knew Wit by the ſcent.
One of our Nymphs *ſhould in this Place appear,*
But you're ſo dreadful ſhe's fal'n ſick with fear.
Thoſe that pay dear for Love, the verieſt Fools;
Though they condemn the work, preſerve the Tools.
'Faith for this once let us compound to day,
Be you indulgent to our Orphan Play.
You ſhall be as much oblig'd another way.

THE

A Contented Old Man
Mission in Law
A Cunning Shifting Fellow, the willaken Husband
His Friend

Actors Names.

Learcut,	A Covetous Old Man.
Manly,	His Son in Law.
Hazard,	A cunning ſhifting Fellow, the miſtaken Husband.
Underwit,	His Friend.
Thomas,	*Learcut's* Servant.
Andrew, *George*, *Dick*,	Wayters.
Snip,	A Conſtable.
Salteel.	A Sea Captain.
Boatſwain.	
Mrs. *Manly*,	*Learcut's* Daughter.
Iſabel,	Her Maid.
Nurſe,	

Watch-men, Drawers, *&c.*

The

THE Mistaken Husband.

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

Enter Learcutt, *Mrs.* Manley, Isbel *and* Thom.

Mrs. Man. GOOD Sir, do not bait me thus.

Lear. I'le break thee of this peevish humor, or I'le worry thee;
Thou dost infect my house with melancholy.

Mrs. Man. This is the height of Tyranny, to chase away
My Comfort, and deny the pleasure of my
Grief too,

Isb. Indeed Couzen, it very ill becomes you, every tear
Drowns part of your Beauty, and every sigh
Carries away in the blast a parcel of your Youth.

Mrs. Man. Alas Couzen! for whom should I preserve it? he that
Owns it, either is not, or else lives a Vagabond.

Lear. I wonder that every thought does not restore thee
To thyself; methinks he having caus'd thy misery,
Thou should'st hate and forget that Vagabond.

Mrs. Man. I rather must hate him that made him one; had you
Been just, we had been happy: I am indebted to your
Avarice for this Discourse, else had we liv'd together in
Peace and plenty.

Lear. Yes: while the Eight thousand pounds lasted, when
That had been consumed in Tavern Reckonings, and
Glass Coaches, where then had been the plenty?
I wonder what Allurements of his gain'd thee,
His handsom Structure certainly did not take ye.

Mrs. Man. Sir, you know you wrong him; yet granting him not
Handsom, since he lov'd me, and in my behalf
Hath often hazzarded his person, 'twas an
Indearment forc'd me to be grateful.

Lear. What? he fought for you! he would have done
As much for his Whore. *A Drawer.*

Mrs. Man. Sir, I can hear no more. *Jack.*

Lear. O! he loves you most monsterously, he does
Nothing but think of you: pray how many Reams
Of Letters have you receiv'd from him
Since his departure these Nine years?

Mrs. Man. Pitty me Heaven, and correct him for it, and if
I've talk'd beyond the duty I owe a Father, pardon it.

Lear. Come, let's after her, ne're let her rest, till
She do quit her folly.

Isbel. It goes against my Heart, to see her vext thus,
But I must obey. [*Ex. Mrs Man. Lear. and Isb.*

Tho. Thus do they tire out the poor Gentlewoman;
Her Father sent her Husband of an Errand, no man [*Tables,*
Knows whither: well, 'twas an honest Gentleman, [*Chairs and*
But took not thrifty Courses: I have said often [*Candles.*
To him, Mr. *Manley*; You write a good hand, go
And be a Justices Clerk; there's half a Crown
A Quarter from every House of Sin in the
Precinct, to be shar'd betwixt your Master and your self.
I would have had him set up a Writing-Shcool;
Six pence a Week *per* Pole, besides command over
The Young Ones; but he would hearken to none of
These things, and now he has been away these
Nine years, and no tydings of him, not so much
As Commendations to me, to his Confident, his Trusty
Thomas, that made up the Match.

To him, A Drawer.

Draw.

Draw. Mr. *Thomas* there is a Gentleman at our houſe
Deſires to ſpeak with you.

Tho. With me? what is he prithee?

Draw. I don't know indeed, I never ſaw him before;
But he's a brave Spark; the Gold in his Pocket
Chimes ding dong: and he has beſpoke a brave
Supper. [*Exit Drawer.*

Tho. Tell him I'le wait upon him; who ſhould this be tro?
Exit.

Enter Hazzard, Underwit *and* Drawer.

[*Table out.*

Haz. Set down your Wine and leave us.

Draw. A Quart of Canary in the *Roſe*, Score. [*Ex. Drawer.*

Underw. Prithee leave off theſe palpable Chymera's, theſe
Witty Nothings; retire yet while you may your
Fame unſully'd.

Haz. Prithee forbear thy uſeleſs Morals;
Beſides, I will not
Stain my Family: a Younger Brother of the houſe of
Mercury, and baulk at any thing that's not impoſſible!
But there is probability in this, and profit at the end as
Well as pleaſure.

Underw. How ſmooth your Fancy paves a rugged way? and with
What eaſe you polliſh *Learcuts* harſhneſs? You know
His hate towards him you'd perſonate, for matching
With the Woman you now aim at; you know his obſtinate
Refuſal to pay in the Legacy her Grand-Father bequeath'd
Her (Eight thouſand pounds I take it,) you know too,
(Which makes your buſineſs harder) that this *Manley*
(Whom you would counterfeit) never enjoy'd her,
Being ſurpriz'd upon his Wedding-day, and ſeparated
From her by her Father:

Hazz. All this is granted:

Underw. Then how he ruin'd *Manley* with long Suits, who forc'd
In tender pity to his Wife, whom he foreſaw inevitably
Famiſh'd, leſt he ſubmitted to that ſtrict Condition,
Took an Eternal leave of her; and form'd it with a
Sad Vow, never to ſee her more. Yet notwithſtanding
Theſe impediments, you will on.

Hazz. And force em, I tell thee here are Pioneers shall do it,
With as much ease as I can fling two Sixes; these
Obstacles you mention fall of course, I will compass the Woman.
Underw. Methinks 'tis easier to compass the earth: how can you
Have admittance? or if admitted, how, but be discovered;
Though, I confess, *Manley* and you are alike.
Hazz. Yes, so like, that it shall ask a subtler head
Then hers to find the difference.
Underw. Do not glut thy self with these fantastick hopes,
But sit down fairly here.
Hazz. Thou knowst I have furnished him with Clothes
And Money; many expensive drunken
Meetings we have had, in order to this grand
Design, and now just ready to possess, shall I desist?
Underw. If there were any colour to think you might
Achieve what you attempt——
Hazz. Why, have not I, that I may seem more like
Him, Imprinted here the Scar of such a wound
As he receiv'd in her quarrel once?
Underw. You have.
Hazz. Then, that he never enjoy'd her, makes for me.
As for the rest in the
Large freedom of our merry Meetings, ther's not
A secret passage in their Love, nor any conceal'd
Agent in the Match: but Iv'e extracted, and have
Sounded his heart,
Underw. And find it shallow;
Hazz. Yes.
Underw. Yet still I'me puzzel'd to think o'th' difficulty of
Access to her.
Hazz. Seest thou this Boy? this Golden Key {*shews a piece of broken Gold.*}
Opens her Chamber door, although at midnight.
Vunderw. That piece of Gold!
Hazz. The very same; this piece was broke betwixt
Them at their separation; which is some Nine
Years since: this useful piece, full fraught with
Wine, I did perswade him out of, at our last Jovial
Bout at *Rotterdam*:

Underw.

Underw. What, when you promis'd to be his Solicitor, and Re-inſtate him in his Wife and Fortunes?

Hazz. That very time.

Underw. You ſwore you would perform it.

Hazz. I'le forget that; for men whoſe Lands and Wealth Lie in this Circle [*Pointing to his Head.* Muſt not ſtick at trifles: are you reſolv'd, or will You prove a Recrant?

Underw. I'le on, whether I fall or ſwing with thee.

Hazz. Come Infidel, obey but the directions I give thee, And be a punctual Servingman:

Underw. Do not doubt me,—— but ſtay a little, it has been Often in my thoughts to aſk, and ſtill ſome other Buſineſs has diverted me: what ſhould be the reaſon That you refus'd to accept money for the Ship you Won laſt night at *Graveſend*?

Hazz. Not impertinently, I warrant thee thou ſhalt know Further ſuddenly: do not you fail your part, If I Miſcarry, hang me up for a *Pryapus* to ſcare High flying Wits.

Underw. And if I wait not with a Trencher to an Inch, diſcard Me your ſervice, without a Ticket of my Truth.

Hazz. I hear ſome body coming up ſtairs; obſerve your diſtance:

To them Thomas.

Honeſt *Thomas*, how doſt thou? how haſt thou done this Long time honeſt *Thomas*?

Tho. 'Troth Sir, as you ſee, I want Clothes, and money, and the Beſt can do no more Sir.

Hazz. Well, thou art ſtrangely altered ſince we parted, I proteſt I ſcarce know thee.

Tho. And truly Sir, I cannot know you by inſtinct: It may Be you know me, but truly Sir I never ſaw you before.

Hazz. *Thomas*, I did not think you would ſo eaſily forget Your Friends; not know me *Thomas*! 'tis ſtrange! your Memory is very weak.

Tho. By my troth, to my knowledge, I never ſaw you Before Sir.

Hazz.

Hazz. No, come here's to thee *Thomas*, [*Drinks.*
Look on me well, and recollect thy self:

Tho. Let me see, truly Sir, now I look upon you well,
You are very like——no body that ever I saw in all
My life.

Hazz. Well, well, persist in that opinion.

Underw. Take off your Wine, before two Glasses more, you'l
Change your Dialect.

Tho. Truly Sir, I was never worthy of such worshipful
Acquaintance.

Hazz. Fie, fie, *Thomas*, complement with your old Friends!
Your Wine pawles:

Tho. Sir, I pledge you, and make bold to drink to your
Friend here: ——Pray Sir excuse me, I'le fill it;
Will you please to pledge me?

Underw. Pray Sir excuse me, I do not use to drink
Among my Masters Companions.

Tho. His Master! this is some Great Man, some Knight I
Warrant ye.

Hazz. But speak seriously *Thomas*, dost thou know
Me, or dost thou dissemble with me?
Methinks our Friendship should be of too long growth
To be forgotten: One Glass of Wine to me, and try if
Yet you can remember: Sit down, view every
Character in my Face; did you ever behold
Any thing like it?

Tho. Truly, I have seen a Face resemble yours.

Hazz. O! do you remember now! where pray?

Tho. Among the brazen Tombs at *Westminster*.

Underw. There he has hit you. [*Aside.*

Hazz. It seems you reckon me among the Dead then.

Underw. That's dexterously warded.

Hazz. I thought that had I been deceased, I should have liv'd
Still in your thoughts; but since you have banish'd
Me your memory——

Tho. Why? would you have me remember a Gentleman
I never set eyes on before?

Hazz. No *Thomas*; why, whom did you bring down to me to
My

My Father in Law's back door? whom did you
Put into the Coach to me, and wait upon to *Pancridge*?

Tho. Pray let me review you; that is his Noſe, and thoſe
His Eyes, or I'me miſtaken.

Underw. I, I'le ſwear thou art. [*Aſide.*

Tho. 'Tis Mr. *Manley*; what a Beetle was I? forgive me
Good Sir, ſweet Sir pardon me; for as I'me an honeſt
Man y'are the ſtrangeſt altred! Lord! I ſhould
Never have known you, but by that Token.

Underw. This is a pure Coxcomb. [*Aſide.*

Tho. Your voice is altred too.

Hazz. See what 'tis to Travel *Thomas*!

Tho. And how, and how, and how dee Sir? by my troth
I'me glad to ſee you Sir.

Hazz. Kind *Thomas* thank thee, how fares it with my
Poor Wife? has ſhe been pleaſant ſince?

Tho. Poor Soul! I think in my conſcience, had not
You come to night, ſhe had dyed to morrow;
She has took on moſt lamentably, not look'd
Kindly on her Victuals ſince you parted; and for Drink,
She dyets her ſelf with a ſmall quantity, to keep
Her in Tears; that ſhe may not want utterance,
For her ſorrow: I am perſwaded the Current of
Her Eyes would go nigh to drive a Mill.

Hazz. I come purpoſely to ſtop up the Stream, or divert
It in to pleaſure.

Tho. You will be a welcome man to her: good Gentlewoman!
I came but juſt now from her, there was the
Heavieſt quarter! truly, they e'ne weary her out
Of her life: if ſhe had not had the more Grace,
She had en'e gone to Heaven before this time.

Hazz. Dear Soul! the hour is come to conſummate
Thy ſorrows!

Tho. Her Father was juſt now
Upbraiding you for a poor fellow, worth nothing.

Haz. Nor am I, till I have her.

Tho. 'Tis no Pilgrimage to her Sir: yet methinks the
World's pretty well mended ſince our laſt interview.

Hazz. Faith I have waited long for it; it was ſome
Years before I and all the Friends I could make,
Could perſwade my Uncle to exchange this
Tranſitory life for a better.

Tho. What Uncle Sir, I beſeech you? you never told me
Of this Uncle until now.

Hazz. Faith *Tom*, I did never think he would have dyed,
And that was the reaſon.

Tho. I hope he has left you well Sir.

Hazz. Pretty well, as thou ſeeſt *Thomas*; come ſit down:
Faith we'll be brave Boyes, he has left me all.

Tho. Truly I am very glad of it, how much pray Sir?

Hazz. A poor trifle, ſome Hundred thouſand pounds,
Beſides ſix Ships that have been out a ſeven years
Voyage to the *Indies*, which I every hour expect here:
I left em at the Rivers mouth: here's to their ſave arrival.

To them Drawer. [*Drinks.*

Draw. Sir, there are a couple of men below enquire for you.

Hazz. Go down Sirrah, and ſee who they are.

Underw. Sir, I believe the fellows come for the ſix
Flanders Mares, will you pleaſe to pay 'em your ſelf,
Or ſhall I? (money for?

Haz. I pay 'em, you ſuperfluous Coxcomb! what did I give you

Underw. I flie Sir. *Exit.*

Hazz. To ſee how theſe Rogues will trouble a man for every
Trifle: fill me a glaſs of Wine; here fill my Friend one:
Here's to you Sweet-heart, *Thomas*. [*Drinks.*

Tho. By my troth I'le pledge it Sir, without Sugar.

To them Underwit.

Underw. Sir, there's the Coach-maker without too, he will not
Take under a Hundred and fifty pounds: Sir I am unwilling——

Hazz. You Rogue, muſt I be troubled with every idle Two
Or three hundred pounds? pay him and be hang'd,
Or I'le pay you, and ſend you to your Friends again
To eat Sprats.

Underw. I vaniſh and obey you with dexterity. *Exit.*

Hazz. Come *Thomas*, here's t'other Brimmer to thee.

Tho. I thank you Sir, but by my troth I dare not ſtay,
My Maſter will be mad with me. *Hazz.*

Hazz. Prithee man, a little longer.

Tho. Upon my word I dare not.

Hazz. Then *Thomas*, preſent this to my Wife: *Gives him a broken piece of Gold.*
And my Heart with it; that Heart that
Broke with this, and never was whole ſince Fate
Divided us.

Tho. I warrant you you ſhall be with her preſently:
I'le but whiſper a word in my Old Maſters Ear.

Hazz. No, no, I do not like that, if my arrival's know
We ſhall be troubled with the unwelcome kindneſs
Of our civil Friends, and hindred of that privacie
That Lovers thirſt after: conceal me then from all,
Unleſs her ſelf. Tell her when all are quiet
I'le wait on her: when her Father and the Houſhold
Are aſleep I'le viſit her.

Tho. Well Sir, I'le make bold to tell her ſo.

Hazz. When thou deliver'ſt to her this Emblem
Of our Separation, tell her we now ſhall
Meet never to part.

Tho. I'le be very punctual. How my Young Miſtreſs
Will leap out of her skin, to hear the News I bring her. [*Exit.*

Hazz. Now *Underwit* let's laugh at this fellow
For an hour.

Underw. And ſit down, or I ſhall be weary of it.
Well, th'art a gallant Fellow, thou deſerv'ſt to
Stand a Stair higher then ordinary in the Pillory.

Exeunt.

The SCENE, *Learcut's Houſe.*

Enter Mrs. Manley *and* Thomas.

Tho. There ſhe ſtands, they have driven her from her
Supper, and now ſhe ſteals to her Cloſet, that there
She may banquet on her ſighs: a very unwholſome
Dyet, and denotes a windy Stomach.

Mrs. Man. How am I condem'd without hope of reprieve, not to
Dye once, but to be ever gaſping.

Tho. Iv'e a Receipt at my tongues end to cure your melancholy: O Miſtreſs!

Mrs. Man. What ails thee? more torments yet: yet, ſhall I be never quiet?

Tho. Will you never leave this peeviſh humour of weeping? Can you tell what you cry for?

Mrs. Man. Fool: doſt thou enquire the Cauſe, that wert the Inſtrument, to give me up to him whoſe loſs I mourn?

Tho. Troth you have no great cauſe to weep for the matter.

Mrs. Man. Art thou revolted too? ungrateful——. (friend

Tho. Nay, no bad words good Miſtreſs, you know I was your To bring you together: (an exploit, if known, would Set me at liberty) and if I find no friendlier language, I'le never bring you together again.

Mrs. Man. I eaſily believe thee.

Tho. But what would you ſay, if I tell you where he is?

Mrs. Man. On that condition I would be a Bond-ſlave. But why flatter I my ſelf? Or why believe deluſions?

Tho. No, no, do not; for if you can give credit to my Senſes, Till you believe your own, you'l find, and ſpeedily, He's no diſtreſſed Indigent, forlorn Fellow; but a Gallant and a brave one.

Mrs. Man. Do not abuſe me.

Tho. Be not you incredulous, for he is near and wealthy, Can ſhovel Gold for a wager with your Father, and——

Mrs. Man. How willingly I would believe thee, and how little Can I.

Tho. Can you believe this? [*Gives her the Gold.*

Mrs. Man. Sure my ſenſes do not conſpire againſt me: Dear Friend, tell me quickly, where may I find the Owner.

Tho. No, no, I'me a Tormentor!

Mrs. Man. Prithee do not wrack me, but tell me where I may meet my *Manley*.

Tho. Why, in your Bed.

Mrs. Man. Do not delude me, he is not there.

Tho. No, but he will be, he ſent me to give You intelligence; he'l be with you when the

Old

Old man's laid aſleep, and the houſe huſh: he
Deſires you to put out the Candles, that he
May be the leſs noted: he would have his
Arrival conceall'd from all but you: he's on
Fire to pay you ſome arrears which were owing
You on your Wedding night.

Mrs. Man. Art thou alive ſtill! then Heaven has not let
Me pray and weep in vain.

Tho. When you ſee him, you'l ſwear it, he is not the
Quondam man, in the thread-bare-breeches and no money,
But dazelling Scarlet, lac'd and lin'd with Gold:
His Coach richly drawn by ſix Milk-white Mares,
Guarded with Pages and Laqueys dreſt like Hinch-boyes.

Mrs. Man. Can this wonder be?

Tho. Elſe never truſt your truſty *Thomas*: go
Miſtreſs, will you about your buſineſs,
Haſten the Houſe to reſt, for you'l get little.

Mrs. Man. By his preſence, more then I have had this nine years.

Tho. Beſhrew his heart then, I do but think how you'l ſmile to morrow.

Mrs. Man. And I hope ever.
Return my Husband my obedience. [*She goes out.*

Tho. What life this has put into her! the very apprehenſion of this ſame harlotry matter makes her as nimble as an Eele riggling in the mud. Well, I have brought you twice together now, if you part again, I ſhall have an ill conceit of my labour.

[*He goes out.*

Learcuts *Houſe.* *Mrs.* Manley *and* Isbel *with a Light as to Bed.*

Isbel. Forſooth, Couzen, will you make haſte to Bed.

Mrs. Man. Excuſe me, I'm indiſpos'd.

Isb. And ever are ſo; my Uncle has told over the Bags in the Cheſt by this time, and when he hath ſaid his prayers with Beads, you know he wakes not long; if he hears us ſtir After him, he'l lay ſuſpicion of Felony to our charges; Swear we conſpire with his Servants to drink out the *March* Beer: Good Forſooth to bed.

Mrs. *Man.* Troth Cousin, I believe I shall not sleep to night, And know, then I'm an unruly Bed-fellow: I do nothing but tumble and toss.

Isb. Truly, and that's fine sport sometimes.

Mrs. *Man.* Sweet Cousin, let me intreat your absence, the Maid Has laid you a pair of clean Sheets in the Red Chamber.

Isb. Indeed Cousin, you are not to be trusted alone, for fear You weep to death.

Mrs. *Man.* Trust me, I will not weep at all.

Isb. Well then, if it must be so, I'le humour you, though I Doubt, to your prejudice, on the condition you'l neither be Drown'd in your Tears to morrow, nor parch't up to Mummy in Your long winded sighs of an Ell, *London* measure.

Mrs. *Man.* Good rest to you dear Cousin, have you laid on the Finest sheets, as I bid you?

Isb. Yes, indeed Forsooth, and made the Bed high, towards the Feet, as you bid me likewise. (Bag?

Mrs. *Man.* Is my Cambrick-Holland-Night-tyre in the Sweet-

Isb. As you would please to have it.

Mrs. *Man.* Then make haste to *Thomas*, and Tell him I'm a Bed. (Mrs. *Manley goes out.*

Isb. Make haste to *Thomas* and tell him I'm in Bed: Those were the words. Is all this ado for *Thomas?* Were you so hasty you could not unlace your self, but you must cut? Did you for this tear off your Handkerchief, because I could not unpin it fast enough? Must *Thomas* handsel your new Linnen? Will a fit of Mirth with him cure you of a Nine years Melancholy? Well, well, little would any one think it were in her; but I'le watch your water: for *Thomas*, I Faith, I know he'l be constant to his poor *Bell*, that gave him two yards of Ferret Ribbond t'other day for a pair of Shoe-strings. As I am very Woman, look where he is! he talks to himself too: I'le hide my self, and find it out.

Enter Thomas.

Tho. The Old One's laid; now if the Young One were, my work were ended: but what do I deserve for my contrivance? what reward must I expect for all the Wit I have expended in this

this buſineſs? I ſhall, at leaſt, be Steward when they keep houſe; then will I take Poundage for all the Bills I pay, beſides my New-Years-Gifts: or ſay, he give me one of his Ships; I, I, I, that's moſt likely; for he'l never trouble himſelf with ſuch Lumber: then will I Trade into the *Straits*, and in three years be an Alderman—— But *Thomas*, *Thomas*, what if a Turks Man of War take her, what wilt thou do then? No, there's Mortality in one Ship—he will give me two, and with thoſe two I'le defie *Mahomet* of *Algiers*——But ſuppoſe he gives me all the Ships—— Yes, yes, I'm ſure he will give me all the Ships; how ſhall I beſtow 'em then? Let me ſee, let me ſee—— Yes it ſhall be ſo—— I will way-lay the Spaniſh Carrukes coming from the *Indies*, and maſter em. But whom ſhould I intruſt with the Command of this Fleet? for I dare not look Salt Water in the Face my ſelf, ſince an *Innes of Court* Man ſtal'd on me out of a Tavern Window once: if I ſhould truſt it to one and he ſhould cheat me, and keep all to himſelf, what a pickle were I in then? No, no, I muſt find out ſome other expedient.

Isb. I'le do my errand to him, if it be but to feel his pulſe. My Miſtreſs——

Tho. Having three or four Knights to wait on me in blew Coats After the old faſhion——

Isb. What, will you not hear me *Thomas*?

Tho. To whom I will allow thirty pounds wages, beſides their Vales—— And my Footmen ten ſhillings a week Board-wages.

Isb. Paſſion of me, I begin to fear; he did not uſe to deal thus Scornfully with me.

Tho. And two new Suits a year—— (him.

Isb. This vexes me, but I'le ſet a face on't as if I car'd not for Well ſullen Fool, I muſt tell you my meſſage, and therefore Take notice of it—— [*Pulls him by the ſleeve.*

Tho. O! Right Truſty and Well-belov'd *Isbel*, I cry thee mercy, I did not ſee thee.

Isb. No, not you: ſome body will repent this.

Tho. By the Faith of my Body, my dainty Duck—— (late:

Isb. Well ſaid diſſembler: no, no, you are for my Miſtreſs Pa-She commanded me juſt now, to make haſte to you, and tell You ſhe was in Bed. I have not been a Chamber Maid ſo

Long,

Long, but I can conſtrue her part of Speech without an Interpreter.

Tho. Farewell till by and by. [*Goes out.*

Isb. So ſoon vaniſhed?

What's the reaſon, tro? he's gone down ſtairs, though that's not the way to her: Well *Thomas*, well, the caſe is altered, and may be again ſhortly: then good *Isbel* mend my Stockins, and ſweet *Isbel* look my Head, and we'l go to *Iſlington*, and drink Ale in an Arbour: is there no Faith in Sugar-Cakes and Cream? Are Cuſtards and Cheeſe-cakes hollow-hearted? Well, I faith I'le be coyer then I have been for this trick. Go thy ways, thou ſhould'ſt never have kiſs'd me as thou haſt done, if I thought thou would'ſt have ſerved me ſo: but what's done is done, and cannot be helped.

To her Thomas *and* Hazzard.

Here he comes again, ha! what Gallant is that with him?

Tho. Sir, this way. (Hazzard *gives his Spurs*

Tread ſoftly, for fear my Maſter hear you.

Hazz. Why, he's almoſt aſleep at beſt, for he's ſomewhat deaf: Both his Eyes and Ears are lock'd faſt enough now I believe.

Tho. I, but you muſt think a man who has waded in oppreſſion theſe Fifty or Threeſcore years has ſome Monitors, that give his conſcience an *Item*, when he offers to wink.

Isb. I'le let em paſs, but I'le obſerve em narrowly.

Haz. You are ſure ſhe has no manner of light in her Chamber.

Tho. But her light Heart I warrant you.

Haz. Have we any more Rooms to go through before We come at hers?

Tho. She lies in the very ſame Chamber ſhe did when you Woo'd her: the blew Room on the right hand Sir.

Haz. Faith 'tis ſo long ago, I've almoſt forgotten it. I'd Almoſt ſpoyl'd all: good night *Thomas*, I'le grope out the Bed My ſelfe. [*Exit with Thomas.*

Isb. Is this the trick on't? then I ſee I wrong'd my Faithful *Thomas* —— but yet he wrongs me, and takes My Office from me, and ſo I'le tell him: *Enter Thomas.*

How now *Thomas*, from whence came you thus laden?

Tho. My pretty *Bell* I'le tell thee; thy Miſtreſſes Husband having been

been outed his Free Tenement, is newly gone to make his entry on it.

Isb. Is that Mr. *Manley?*

Tho. The very Hee.

Isb. Truly he's a handſom Gentleman: 'tis a thouſand pities—

Tho. What, a thouſand pities that he's a handſom Gentleman?

Isb. No, but that he ſhould not live with her: I warrant he's A good Comforter.

Tho. I, my aimable Belly, ſo would I be to thee, if thou would'ſt But be plyable!

But we men may ſpeak our hearts out, you remorſeleſs
Virgins will either not hear us, or not believe us. How
Often have I robb'd my Maſters Bolſters of the Keys o'th'
Celler? and w' had ſwil'd the Wine out, broke the Bottles,
And told him 'twas the ſtrength o'th' Wine?
Yet thou hadſt no more——

Isb. Well *Thomas*, well, you have no great reaſon to ſay ſo,
Have not I found thee Handkerchiefs theſe two years?
Have I not ſtarch't thy Bands to bid defiance to thy Maſters?
Have I not ſewed on thy little peeping Cuffs? Nay, have I
Not ſlighted a Lords Footman for thee?
Haſt not thou compar'd my Leggs, and untied my Garters?
Even yet canſt thon call me hard?
Unthankful *Thomas!* Unhappy *Isbel!* [*She Cries.*

Tho. Then, Heart ſplit aſunder for very joy! Dear Chicken! I will dry thy Tears up with my Lips! Honey forgive me!

Isb. O! did I ever think this? [*He kiſſes her.*

Tho. No more tryals of thy Love, my Dear!

{*He embraces her, and in the Extaſy drops the Boots and Spurrs.*

Learcut. Thieves, thieves, thieves.

Tho. Paſſion o' me! the Old Man's awake.

Learcut. Thomas, Andrew, Thieves here!

Isb. What ſhall we do? he'l catch us, and then w'are undone.

Tho. Do you go that ways to bed? [*Isbel goes out.* I'le make down this way.

Lear. Are my Knaves all deaf? ſhall I be murdered here? why *Thomas, Andrew*——

To

To him Learcut *coming up stairs he justles* Thomas *and falls on his knees, frighted.*

O! here they are: Good Gentlemen, as y'are Gentlemen
Do not hurt an old man!

Tho. Do you take me for a Thief, Sir? 'tis I, Sir; *Thomas.*

Lear. Thomas? Let me look better on thee, is not that
A Dark Lanthorn in thy hand?

Tho. No Sir, 'tis a Pewter Candlestick.

Lear. I think it be indeed: well Sirrah you put me into
A villanous cold Sweat: but sure I heard a noise.

Tho. Alas, Sir! it was nothing but a humming in your head.

Lear. I, and I heard a chink too like money.

Tho. Trust your own Eyes, if I have lost my credit with you,
Look round about the House.

Lear. I like the motion well, go before me, *Thomas.*

[*They go out and return again.*

The Windows and Bolts are all secure: doth no body lie under
The Tables or the Stools. [*He stumbles on the Boots.*

Tho. Now all will out, I must reveal my secret.

Lear. Ha! *Thomas*, how came these here?

Tho. Since it can no longer be hidden from you, be pleased to
Know, there's a Gentleman within in Bed with my young Mistress,
Who will not be afraid to own 'em.

Lear. What? are you turn'd Pander? set up in my own house?
Begin with my Daughter? come out thou Villain, I'le have
Thee Carted.

Tho. Good words, good words, and not too loud for fear of disturbing the young Couple; if this noise should make the Gentleman miscarry, 'twould be no small grief to your Daughter.

Lear. How have I been deluded in thee! out Impudence,
Avow thy roguery!

Tho. Well, Sir, not taking notice at present of an Action of Slander, but desiring you to keep those termes to your self, to be as short as you have been with me, Your travelling Son-in-Law, having followed the track of Sir *Francis Drake's* Ship, is returned hither again; and now *Ulysses* is with his *Penelope.*

Lear. Villain: I had rather she had been a Whore. *Andrew*, rise,
Fetch the Constable; I'le have him to the Gaol,
He comes to rob me.

Tho.

Tho. Softly, softly good Master! for if he over-hear you, y'are Undone; he'l recover God knows what of you.

Lear. Hang him, beggerly Rascal! I'le have him whipt, he Has a Plot upon me; he lies with my Daughter to fill my House with Vermin to destroy my goods.

Tho. Why, Sir, do you think he'l beget Rats and Weazels? I'm of a clear contrary opinion; for I have a conceit he Will get Children in embroydered Coats. Alas, alas, Sir! he's None of the Old Master *Manley*, who courted me for the Wing Of a mangled Capon; would kiss the Leg on't as 't had been his Mistresses Hand, and stand gazing on the Carcase, admiring The fair proportion of the Body.
He's now in his glass Coach lin'd through with Velvet, Attended by his Pages and Laqueys, that look Like running Rain-bows: prances in State to *Fish-street*, Eats of his twenty Dishes at a Dinner, maintains a brace Or two of Wits at's Table, and ——

Lear. Is't impossible!

Tho. It is most certain.

Lear. Why what Estate hath he?

Tho. A small trifle of some Hundred thousands of pounds in Money, besides a dozen Ships that have been trading for Pearl in the *Indies*, and ride now at *Gravesend*.

Lear. Thou dost amaze me! how i'th' name of Goodness Did he compass it?

Tho. It was an Uncle, when he died left him all this.

Lear. Do'st thou think there's no cheat in't?

Tho. Why, Sir, he sent to me to prove his Unkles Will at the Office, I took out Letters of Administration for him.

Lear. And art thou certain he hath so many rich Ships?

Tho. Certain? Lord, Sir, you make such a question of it, why I receiv'd but to day, Letters from the Masters of 'em all, And all their Bills of Lading.

Lear. How long hath he been in Town?

Tho. Not above a fortnight, Sir.

Lear. So long? and neither I, nor my Daughter know it?

Tho. For you, he took some old passages to heart, to tell you The truth, I think he was dogged.

Lear. Alas! good Gentleman! why should he be angry with me? I never hurt him, only my Daughter being a tender griffle, I was loath he should overstrain her: but I'le make him amends for't. But hear you *Thomas*.

Tho. Yes Sir——

Lear. Bring my Sable Jerkin down with you, and call *Isbel* by th' way, we'l congratulate the conjunction of those small Plants. *Thomas* to bed; disturb not the Young Couple: There let 'em lie for me, and take their ease, Since *Manley's* Rich, he may do what he please.

Exeunt.

Enter Thomas, *and* Isbel *in her Night-gown.*

Tho. Oh *Isbel*! fie, fie; *Isbel*, fie.

Isb. O the Lord! *Thomas*, where, where is the Fire? I'le Be hang'd if it be not in our Neighbours house The Pewterer; for they are up knocking Early and late: out upon't how it stinks, my Mistress, My Mistress will be burnt in her bed.

Tho. Gad, that's unhappily said, for I'm sure there's hot Work by this time, [Isbel *offers to go.* Stay inhumane *Isbel*, still insensible, here is the Fire; thou like a careless Maid, hast thrown The burning Snuf of thy Beauty into the Chink of my Heart, there it has smother'd long: But now, like *Ætna*, it breaks out, and throws Hot Stones and melted Mettle up.

Isb. Poh! now I hate you Mr. *Thomas*, so I do; you Wak'd me out of the sweetest Dream! high ho.

Tho. Pritty unconscionable Rogue! tell me thy Dream, And I'll let thee go.

Isb. Then I'le tell't yee, to be rid of yee, methought, Mr. *Thomas*, I had a grievous fit of the Mother; And they burnt Feathers and soles of old Shoes under My Nose, but still it rose and rose like to Choak me; till a brisk young Doctor came, and turn'd All out of the Room, and then—— Ah! you'l laugh At me: I won't——

Tho.

Tho. What? the Doctor threw thee on the Bed——

Isb. Yes.

Tho. Then got upon thee, and held thee down with
All his strength.

Isb. Aye.

Tho. Then tickled thee soundly, till thou turn'st up
Like a Trout in the water.

Isb. O dear! Doctor! I was never so sweetly cur'd
In all my life, and he would not take a farthing
Of me. I was just falling into another Fit when
You woo'd me, with a mischief to you; I have forgot
The Doctors name too.

Tho. Poor Mistress *Isbel*! fear not, I'le cure thee when
Thou wilt; I will so tickle thee!

Isb. Ah! tickle me thereabout! any body can
Tickle me thereabout. Oh the sweet Heavens!
We shall be hang'd if our Mistress hear us.

Tho. Our Mistress hear us! if ten couple of Cats were
Making Love at her Pillow, and all the Kings Lyons
Roaring at her Beds feet, she would not hear.
Her Husband, our Master is a Bed with her: I call'd thee
Up to tell thee of it.

Isb. What? Our Master that has been a married Batchelor
These nine years?

Tho. The same: and they are just now dancing
The beginning of the World.

Isb. O the sweet Father! I warrant our Mistress will tell
Him such Tales, and ask him forty questions.

Tho. I, and have such grievous Fits of the Mother, *Isbel*!

Isb. For the Lords sake, what kind of man is he?

Tho. A very handsome, neat, accomplish'd, gentile,
Pretty man, much of my make, and something
Like me; and I'le assure you, well bred; for he
Swore *Damme*, and call'd me *Son of a Whore*
Twenty times, and then he gave me a *Guinney*:
But as soon as I was out of the Room, the Bed
Crack'd like a Ship breaking on the Sands,
And my Mistress cry'd out like a drowning
Passenger, Ah!——

Isb. Alas! poor Mistress! if he should overlay her Mr. *Thomas*!

Tho. Nay, I'me sure he had some ill design, For his Eyes roll'd, and his Colour did come And go, and he shook all over, as if he Had the Palsie.

Isb. Mr. *Thomas*, you are a Fool.

Tho. Fool! Nay, if you go to that, I hearken'd At the door, and I'le take my Oath I heard her Cry, O deer! O Sweet Husband! Ah! And then I could hear no more.

Isb. Now am I so afraid to go to bed; For I shall dream of nothing but Dying; and falling into such grievous Fits, That the very bed will tremble: O sweet Doctor!

Tho. I tell thee, I'm as good a Doctor at that As any breathing: But talk not of bed Before we have drank to their *Hans in Kelder*. Come, let's to the Pantery.

Isb. A match.

Tho. Let them with too much Love destroy each other: Good Wine is better then the Fits o'th' Mother.

Exeunt.

ACT. II.

SCENE I. *A Bed-Chamber, Mrs.* Manley *running in, in Night-Cloaths,* Hazzard *after her.*

Mrs. Man. ALas! I am betray'd! 'tis not my Husband.

Haz. How now, my Heart! what's the matter?

Mrs. Man. Now I'm confirm'd; that's not his voice.

Haz. What would'st thou have? can'st thou not speak for it?

Mrs. Man. O me unhappy! O thou false dissembler!

Haz.

Haz. Dissembler? 'tis a word I understand not:
By thy own Fair Self, not one unmeant Oath
Of my affection hath escap'd my Lips.
Fair Sweetness! what a Paradice of Beauty!
'Twas well I saw thee not e're I enjoy'd thee. *Aside.*
She is so lovely! I could ev'n repent
I have deceiv'd her.

Mrs. Man. Was my Chastity
So envi'd by thee, thou must rob me of it?

Haz. By this Light, Madam,
You are the first Wife ever complained of that fault.

Mrs. Man. With what Forehead
Darest thou call me so?

Haz. Is *Pancras* fallen down? or the Church burnt there?
The Parson, or our Parent-Clark deceas'd?
Or are you cloy'd, and surfeited on a Husband
After so long a Fast, that you dare ask
That Question?

Mrs. Man. Impudent Ravisher! unhand me;
Thou art not he; but some false Villain
Disclos'd these secrets to thee, and betray'd me.
Let me go Monster; I will fly from thee. { *She struggles to*
Into some Desart, where the direful *Screech-Owls* { *get from him*

Haz. Prithee cast off this whining foolish humor: { *Kisses her.*
Be plyable; come, come, { *& whispers*
You'l n'ere be right till I—— { *her aside.*

Mrs. Man. This startles me: this private token speaks him.

Haz. That stagger'd her.

Mrs. Man. I know not what to think on't.
Those Eyes, that Hair is very——He:
But, O! that Voice, like the Devils cloven Foot,
Discovers an Impostor. Hence; I loath thee.

Haz. Art thou incurable for ever? (nay

Mrs. Man. Yes: unless thou could'st restore me my stol'n Ho-

Haz. For that Fair Sweetness sake that once dwelt in thee
I am content to please thee to my ruine.
I'le take one Journey more, whose period
Shall be my Tomb; I'le travel to my death:

For

For 'tis no matter how whither I wander; [Weeps.
Since I have lost that dwelling which I had
In thy once tender and relenting Breast.
Yet for the Love you once pretended to me,
Deny not the last Kiss to a dying Martyr. [Kisses her.
Farewel for ever:
The Darts of Scorn are sharper far then those
Of Anger. [He inhibitions and shows his Breast.
This wound thou hast given me, strikes deeper here
Then e're my Rivals Sword did.

Mrs. Man. Bless me! I'm amazed! [Her offers to go out.
It should be he! and yet methinks it cannot:
Pray good Sir, stay, Alas! my troubled Brain's
Distracted 'twixt the Love and Doubt of you;
And by two Strengths of equal pow'r my Fears
And my Affections bend two several ways:
Trembling I stand! tortur'd between them both;
But cannot yeild to the force of either.
So willingly I pray to be deceived,
That I could wish one Sense a Traytor to me,
For all things else conspire in your reception;
But this old trusty servant, the Sense of Hearing
Evinces plainly you are not the man.

Hax. That Servant you call Trusty, is a Traytor,
Or an o're-diligent officious Servant,
Whose care creates imaginary difficulties
And dangers, where the way is safe, and easie.
Please to consult the Steward of your Soul,
And Ruler of your Senses, Your wise *Reason*.
Ask if nine Winters Cold, nine Summers Heats,
And almost a continual emptiness
Can chuse but alter th' Organs of the Voice?
Oh! Madam, Madam, did you know my Story,
You'd rather wonder I can speak at all,
Then that my Tone is chang'd: if that be all
The scruple, from this hour I will be dumb;
And give no food to your distrust.

Mrs. Man. It must be he

Sir,

Sir, you may spare that Pennance; I'le delight
To hear you tell with this Voice, how your old one
Departed from you, and by frequent hearing
Forget the difference of their sounds. Believe me!
My heart shall ever be so full of joyes
For your deliverance; I will not weep
When you relate your Sorrows.

Haz. Love, I am now thy Sacrifice, on this
Thy living Alter I lay down my life.

Mrs. Man. May the same fire that burns the Victim, seize
The Altar too, since I am it.

Haz. How charming she looks now?
When she was conceiv'd, her Mother look't on Lillies.
O! I could stare for ever here! Wild Poetry!
Creatrix of Impossibilities,
Shew me but such another 'mong thy Quire
Of Goddesses, and I'le forgo my Conquest.

Thomas *and* Isbel *with a Candle.*

Tho. Make haste, my Young Master may chance to long for some excuse to be call'd away from his labour.

Isb. Mistress, forsooth!

Tho. Sir here's an Attendant of yours, a wise Maid that knows the smack of her Mistresses Pallate, and gives a shrewd guess at the sharpness of yours, has brought you a Repairer of Falling Nature, and your Father-in-law is in the next Room, who Desires to be inform'd, whether your Wife have breath enough left to ask him blessing.

Haz. Prithee, bid the Wench come in, and tell my Father We'll wait upon him presently.

Tho. Will you please to come in Sir.

[Hazard *and* Mrs. Manley *kneel.*

Lear. Good morrow, Good morrow Children,
God bless you both.
What? ha' you gotten me a Grand-Child to night?

Haz. If we ha' not, Sir, 'tis the fault of the Planets, and not of us, For I have plow'd and sow'd in a rich mould.

Isb.

Isb. O, Forsooth Cousin, was it for this you shifted me off
Last night? is your Melancholy melted away
In a Feather-bed?

Mrs. Man. Prithee Cous. excuse me, I'le give thee leave
To cheat me so.

Isb. Beshrew me, Forsooth; but your Husband's
A Gallant Gentleman!

Mrs. Man. Sweet Heart, here's my Cosin *Isbel*.

Haz. So, So, I'm glad I know my Cousins name. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Man. She is a Lady, whom without a Letter of Attorney,
From you, I made your Substitute in my Bed.

Haz. Your humble Servant, sweet Cousin [*Isb salutes him.*
I'm much oblig'd to you for the Pains you have taken on my
Wife in my absence. I hope, my good Cousin,
Your Father and Mother are well. (ter,

Lear. You are mistaken, Son, this is my Cousin *Edwards* daugh-

Haz. O! I cry you mercy sweet Cousin, I thought
You had been my other Cousins Daughter.
Twas well I had two Cousins. (*Aside.*

Mrs. *Man. Isbel* come after me, and dress me.
[*Smalman and Isbel go out.*

Lear. What a fine proper Gentleman my Son is grown?
Of what a goodly Garb and Presence! truly, Son, I sent two or
Three several Messengers to hearken after you.

Tho. Yes: whether he were dead or no.

Haz. O, thank you heartily, loving kind Father for your care,
But I never saw any of 'em.

Lear. The worse luck mine; I hope you tak't not ill.

Haz. No indeed Father.

Lear. Son, here's a Toy, pray desire your wife [*Gives a Carcanet*
To take it in good part; she shall have more speedily
When I die.

Lear. You are too bountiful, Sir, by this Light Oriental.
[*Opens it and gives it to* Thomas.

Tom, Go carry this to my Wife, it is her Fathers
Blessing, tell her.

Lear. And *Thomas*, fetch up the great Plate, and
Set it on the Cupboard in the Chamber——

And

And the Looking-Glass inlay'd with Pearl that
The Knight pawn'd, and forfeited. [Thomas *goes out.*

Haz. The Old man will grow mad sure.

Lear. Nay, Son, now you take good Courses, my assistance
Shall not be wanting to you. [*Cryes.*

Isb. A pretty Gentleman! why was not I a dozen years elder?
'Tis a wish few women e're were known to sigh after, and yet
I grieve I am not; then it might have been my fortune to have
Taken the Love my Cousin now enjoyes. I cannot now think
Thy tears were in vain. Now I'm amaz'd thou didst not
Die for him. Then had not I dispaired for him,
Or been content with transitory *Thomas.*
I'le to my Cousin and forget him. [*She goes out.*

Haz. Come Father what service will you command me?

Lear. We'll e'n down to dinner and drink healths
To *Hans in Kelder.*

Haz. Content.

Lear. Have you burnt any Juniper in the Parlour?

Tho. Yes, Sir. [Thomas *holds up the Hangings:*
Come in *Jack*, come in.

Enter Underwit *with a Cabinet and a Packet.*

Haz. How now *Jack?* what hast thou brought? my Cabinet?

Underw. Yes, Sir: and here's a Packet from *Van Stoven.*
Your Factor in the *Mary.* [Hazzard *reads the Letter.*

Lear. Some good News sure; for he is very well pleas'd at it.
It tickles him, he smiles.

Haz. How long is't since these came?

Underw. Some two hours since, Sir.

Haz. Well then, I have leisure to stay here till Evening,
But then Father, I must crave your dispensation, and my Wives
Leave for this Night, the reason you may read there, if you
Vouchsafe the favour.

Learcut *Reads.*

Honoured Sir, my Love to you remembred; I received Yours of the Fourteenth Instant, wherein you commanded me to send you the state of your Affairs. I came down this Tyde with the Mary, *and in my*

company came the Unicorn *to* Gravesend; *the* Leopard, *the* Tygar, *the* Crane, *and the* John *of* London *we expect the next Tyde. The Marriners are greedy for Money, because they have not any to fee the Searchers to let their Parcels go uncustom'd; wherefore your presence, some time this Evening would be necessary: you need not bring above twelve hundred pounds* Sterling *with you, for I have here near three thousand Pieces of Eight in Cash aboard. I have sent you herewith the* Bills *of* Lading *of your six Ships for fear the former I sent you by* Peter Horen *might miscarry. I have nothing else at present to write, but that it would please Heaven to bless you; and so I rest,*

Your Trusty and Faithful Servant.

[*Here's a name will make my mouth ake.*]

Hercules Herman Vansloven.

Haz. Now, he's poring on the *Bills* of *Lading*, where there are Parcels enough to furnish the City these twenty years.

Lear. Coperas, Coperas, Coperas——

Haz. Yes: with Gall of your Worshipful Conscience,
Will make fine Ink for the Devil to write withall.

Lear. Indico, Indico——Scutchionele, Ingots of Gold——

Haz. As much as you can lift; this old Coxcomb will stand
Poring there till his Spectacles grow blind:
I must put him out of it: *Jack*, come hither, have you
Receiv'd those Bills of Exchange from *Hans*?

Underw. He has accepted them, Sir, and for your present
Occasion sent you a Thousand pounds, but will not pay
The rest till the Bills are due, whereof Eight days
Are unexpired; so there remains upon 'em
Seven thousand pounds and upwards.

Lear. More wealth yet? sure he hath got a Colledge of coining Devils at his beck: else this was impossible.

Haz. Give me the Bills. Come, Sir, will you walk down
Into the Garden?

Lear. I, Son, there we'll confer.

Haz. My Heart, prithee make haste down, I am no body
Without thee. [*Between the Scenes.*

Mrs.

Mrs. *Man.* I obey you instantly.

Lear. What a fortunate man am I in a Loving and a Rich Son? In the afternoon we'll to Gleek till towards evening.

Haz. By that time my Coach may come, if you intend to make Visits to day.

To them Thomas.

Tho. Sir, just as I was going down through the Hall, I met The noise of Fidlers that use to play the Healths to you, who heard Of your arrival, will not be kept out with twenty Whifflers.

Haz. Bid 'em strike up hastily; but thrust out that Old Violin that uses to set mens Teeth on edge.

Tho. Shall old blind *David* with the Harp come in Sir, he playes *Sellinger's Round in Sippets* the rarest ——

Haz. If he do, remove the Cloaks into the Buttery, He can feel, though he cannot see.

Tho. I will Sir. [*They go all out but* Thomas.

Do you hear Porter, put out the Mandrake with the Squeaking *Christopher*: Set the blind Harper in the Corner. Now Fidlers, scrape your Guts till your Hearts ake.

A Dance and Song concludes the Act. *Mrs.* Manley, Isbel, *and another Maid in the Dance.*

Lear. 'Tis very well: Now Son let's in to Dinner.

Haz. We wait upon you, Sir: Come my Dear Love, Though Fortune and your Father once have try'd us, Their utmost spight again shall n'ere divide us: In kind Embraces we our lives will waste, And double Joyes to come, for Sorrows past.

Exeunt Omnes.

ACT: III.

SCEN. I. *A Chamber with a Bed in it.*

Enter Hazzard, *and* Underwit *with a Pillow under his Cloak, On a Cupboard Plate and Jewels.*

Mrs. Man. SWeet Love, make as much haste home again
As you can.
I shall be sick till I see you again. I'm afraid almost to trust
You out of my sight, your former Voyage runs so in my mind.
[Underwit *packs the Plate and Jewels into the Pillowbear.*
Haz. I will be back again to night, if possible.
Business must be look'd after Sweet-heart: Once more
Farewell till to morrow.
Here, Sirrah, take this Gold with you. [*Gives him a Purse.*
Hast thou got all? [*Aside.*
Underw. Not left a Silver Spoon, nor a Hook to hang
A Napkin at.
Haz. Away then, make haste, and get aboard the Ship I won at *Gravesend*: she rides now by Cuckolds Haven:
Stay there till I come to thee.
Underw. Why, will you not along with me? methinks
It would be very convenient to fly away in that
For fear of a surprise. We have got a handsom
Pittance that will make us live like Princes.
Haz. 'Tis not meer Avarice incites me further; but a Design
Of higher consequence.
Underw. What then, wouldst have the Wench away too?
Haz. Prithee be not scrutinous, but obedient; give out
That you are bound for the *Barbados*, and let your
Streamers be display'd, that I may know you.
Underw. But heark you, I must share in the Woman too,
When we come to *America*.

Haz.

Hax. No more words, but away, lest some of the Servants Should discover you; Sirrah *Jack*, make haste after me, I'le stay at *Limehouse* for you. [*He goes out talking aloud with* Underwit.

The SCENE, *Learcut's House.*

Enter Learcut *and* Thomas.

Tho. Will you please to have a Fire this Evening, Sir?

Lear. Unthrifty Knave! hast thou a Plot upon my Charcoale, Thou seek'st their ruine thus?

Tho. Truly, Sir, this Weather would endure two in latter fire; And your Worship knows that is your stint. (If I do not think [*Aside.* His body's as miserable as his Conscience, I'm no upright Foreman.) The *Thames* is frozen over above-Bridge, Sir, and Sackcloth-Towns are built upon't: 'tis such a Season, Sir, Zeal cannot warm a man: for a *Fanatick's* Teeth, as he Pass'd by just now, shattered, as if one had plaid a Tune On the Gridiron.

To them Isbel *running in haste, and presently after* Mrs. *Manley.*

Lear. How now? whither so fast? Is your Mistress In labour already?

Isb. O Lord, forsooth, Sir, my Mistress is undone.

Tho. The more shame for her Husband.

Mrs. Man. O Father, we are robb'd.

Lear. That very Word sticks like a cake of Ice at my heart. I dare not ask of what.

Mrs. Man. All your Plate, and the Jewels you gave me Are vanished, as if they had been Apparitions.

Tho. Why, this comes of keeping no Fire in the house, Any manner of light would have frighted a Thief.

Lear. Where was my Son? (him.

Mrs. Man. He went out upon business as soon as e're you left

Lear.

Lear. Ah! curse of his Journey! this is one of his tricks.
I thought what a Son I had got: send a Hue and Cry after him
Presently.

Mrs. Man. Pray do not wrong him:
I know his Noble Mind's so truly vertuous, that should he
Hear of your suspitions; he'd blush to death for shame,
Not of himself, but you.

Tho. He Sir? No, Sir, y'are mistaken in Mr. *Manley*: I'm sorry
You should injure so worthy a Gentleman: I warrant he
Forgot to shut the door, and some body 'een slipt in
And stole away all.

Lear. This was your fault too, you Baggage; would
You have such a Treasure in your Chamber, and dare to sleep?
You never learn't that of me, I'm sure.

To them Hazzard *in a Fume.*

Tho. O, here's the Gentleman himself now: you shall see
What he'l say to you. [gain.

Lear. 'Tis not he sure, if he were guilty, he durst not face me
You Housewife, hear you: [*Aside to Mrs.* Manley.
Not a word of what I said.

Mrs. Man. Be confident, Sir, I respect both your Honours
And your Safeties more high then to reveal it.

Haz. Where is this drunken Dog? with a Pox to him! must my
Business be neglected for his afternoons Drinkings? Prithee
Sweet forgive me, [*To Mrs.* Manley.
I did not see thee, my impatience hoodwinks me.
Where is this Villain?

Mrs. Man. Whom mean you Dear?

Haz. This careless Rascal.

Lear. Whom Son?

Haz. Thus he serves me always when my occasions require
Greatest haste; he must be Tipling.

Lear. Good Son, tell us whom.

Tho. He's monstrous angry!

Haz. Why, my negligent Rascal *Jack*; I hope, *Thomas*,
You would not detain him.

Tho. By my troth, I saw him not this Evening, nor heard
Of him, till when you bid him make haste after you.

Haz.

Haz. Is he not in the Houſe then? now do not I know
Where to find him without a Conjurer; the Rogue
Has got my money too: Thirteen hundred pound in Gold,
And without that, I am ——

Lear. Ha! then I ſmell Knavery, had he ſo much of yours?

Haz. He wanted not a grain of the ſum.

Lear. As ſure as can be, this Fellow is run away with all.

Haz. No: do not think ſo: alas! he was Caſhier unto my Uncle:

Lear. And, methinks now to you.

Haz. I dare ſwear, his innocence in that point's equal
With mine.

Lear. Nay, be not over confident, for we are robb'd too.

Haz. Robb'd!

Lear. Yea, verily, robb'd, all my Plate is run away, and
Your Wives Jewels.

Mrs. Man. It could be none but he, for I miſt him preſently
After your departure.

Haz. Nay, then I am confuted: O! theſe Knaves that can be ſo
Falſe hearted! do they think there is no Hell, Father?

Lear. O, good Son, do not put me in mind of Hell!

Haz. But has the Rogue taken all?

Mrs. Man. All but my Wedding Ring, Love.

Haz. Nay, if that be ſafe, it's no matter for the reſt:
We have more Jewels in my Ships.
Come, Sir, be not dejected, leave the melancholy;
Send it after the Thief, let it purſue his Conſcience
Like a Hue and Cry: but what an affront 'twill be unto
My Credit, To have it ſaid for a ſlight thouſand pounds,
Manley was fain to beg help of a Broker.
O! I'm tranſported!

Mrs. Man. Dear Sir, be calmer, that may be ſoon repaired.

Haz. O! never! never!

Mrs. *Man.* Sweet Love, command your temper.

Haz. Shall my Factors ſend double Letters for ſo ſmall a trifle?

Mrs. *Man.* He marks me not; good Father, do you ſpeak
To him: his duty will not let him uſe you ſo.

Lear. What ails you Son? can you be patient at a certain
Loſs? and care to think you muſt do that which Knights

And

And Lords do, borrow; I, and glad too if they can have credit.
You shall not stray for such a Sum; I'le be your Scriv'ner
And your Usurer.

Mrs. *Man.* O my dear Father!

Lear. Thomas, go; go fetch a Thousand pounds from
My house. [*Thomas goes out.*

Haz. How shall I defer this? for ought you know Sir, he's
One whose tongue is taught to speak lyes to
Gull you: this is too great a Trust to repose in any one person.
Oblige me but with your company, down stairs, and
There I'le give you Security for't, I le not finger one penny else.

Lear. Well; I will not force you to do this; but yet
You may, Son, for mortality sake; for I protest, the
Reason I go with you, is not for Jealousie of you,
But to bear you company. [Thomas *returns with a Bag.*

Tho. Here 'tis in Gold, Sir.

Lear. Come will you walk Son, we'l take a Sculler at the
Next stairs.

Haz. I'le wait on you; my Dear, once more Farewel [*He goes out*
This night will be the longest of our stay.
Thomas, get you gone to Justice *Fowler* for a Warrant,
And lay after my Renegado. [*Mrs.* Manley *goes out.*

Tho. I will Sir. If I catch him, I'le make him pisse Vinegar for
Stealing the Silver Chamber-pot. Ah, Rogue! no mercy of
A Young Gentlewoman. [*He goes out.*

Haz. Now, after my new Father-in-law —— His
Covetousnes to have Security for his Thousand pounds,
Has made him willing to go with me to my Ship;
Where I will first clap him under Hatches, and then
Return and plunder him to a Joyn'd-stool.
It is decreed; Nor shall thy Fate, Old Man, resist my Vows.
Exit Hazzard.

SCENE *Learcuts House.*

Enter Hazzard *met*, *Mrs.* Manley *runs to embrace him.*

Mrs. Man. Dear Sir, Welcome, you have almost
Outgone my wishes. Where's

where's my Father! Ha! he weeps; nay, then [*He weeps.*
My heart misgives me.

Haz. Oh! My eyes will better relate the Story then my Tongue, which newly scap't the danger, trembles with fear, And hardly yet can stammer my misfortunes.

Mrs. Manley. Sir, the certainty of your safety will Keep me alive whatever you relate.

Haz. Alas! the Story's short: Your Father's dead. He would needs take water in a Sculler; And to save part of the Charges, going to row, overturned the Boat upon a Buoy: he had a thousand *Guinneys* in his pocket, which were too powerful for his Age, so his money weigh'd him down, and Heaven knows whither it has carried him. You may well think I did what I was able to have saved him; but it was his destiny! Yet he had the comfort, which no other Usurrer ever had, to have his Gold go with him.

Mrs. Man. Miserable woman! my sorrows never end!
But as some pass by, others succeed,
More bitter then the former. [*She goes out with* Isbel.

Isb. Beshrew his Heart for't!
For, trust me, Sir, you discourse finely; methinks I
Shall desire to hear you often, you have
In a short time altered me much. [*She goes out.*

Haz. Peace dwell in your soft breast! Io! She's mine.

Enter Thomas, *Crying.*

Haz. Now what would this whining fellow have? How now, *Thomas*, you hear the sad News *Thomas?*

Thomas. Yes Sir, I heard it to my grief, for having to no purpose search'd all day after your Man, I went in a Melancholly humour to the *labour in vain*, and condoling your Worships misfortune over two pots of Ale, a dismal voice Croaked out, my Masters death. Oh, Oh, Oh!

Haz. Alas poor *Thomas*, we must all die!

Tho. I have heard a great many say so, but they were all Parsons, Sir, Yet now me thinks I believe it too: And Die of such a death, Sir, and in such a place, where he shall never be at rest, but rowl up and down with the Tide, till one ravenous Fish make a Leg of him travel on an errand to *Bermudos*,

another lead him by one Arm to *China*, Oh it is lamentable, and makes me continually cry and howl.

Haz. Troth, *Thomas* I pitty thee, thou drivel'st notably, Why dost not get thee a bib?

Thom. I have bespoke one, Sir, and a dozen of Muckanders.

Haz. Look who knocks at door.

Tho. I Sir, who's there?

Underwit. Is Mrs *Manly* within?

Thom. Yes, Sir, please to come in.

[To them *Underwit* disguised.

Underw. Save you, Sir, is your name Mr. *Manly*?

Haz. Yes, Sir, to serve you.

Underw. I'm glad to see you safe, Sir, but the Corps of the old man you left behind you was taken up at the Isle of Doggs, his body lay 'oth' shore as I passed by there. I was inform'd he was your Father in Law.

Haz. He was Sir.

Underw. Understanding his Relation to a Gentleman of your Nobleness, my Piety commanded me to cloath him in a wooden Suit, and bring him hither to you.

Tho, I will go kiss him all over e're he's buried.

Underw. Spare your pains, Sir, 'twill be unnecessary, for the Coffin is nail'd up, and hoop'd with Iron.

Haz. You have shewed much Humanity in this Action. Sir, I beseech you, do not rob us of your company, till you have Finish'd that civility you have begun, leave him not now, till you have left him in the Earth.

Take Order for his Funeral this Night, we must make hast with him to perform the Will of the Dead, which was ever You know to save Tavern Charges; invite all the Neighbours, and all's Acquaintance to assist our mourning; will you please to follow?

Underw. I wait on you. [*Haz.* and *Underw.* go out.

Thom. Doleful imployment!

How will I gnaw the sweet-meats in my fury!

Out eat a Justice, and out drink a Jury. [*Exeunt.*

The

ACT. IV.

SCEN. I. *Mr.* Manley *newly Landed.*

WHat a Megrim I have in my head! The world is very merry, as I passed along the Trees and Hills danced Trenchmore. Catch me at Sea again, and divide me among the Mackrel, hang me, if the tempest be not yet in my brains, well I'm glad I'm at my Journeys end. I hope *Hazard* hath thriven well, I was impatient to know it, and that made me hasten speedily after him; here's the Cloyster where my Wife's mew'd up, and that the door where those lights are! what's the matter tro? Those Torches speak a Funeral, pray heaven she be safe.

A Drawer passes over the Stage with *Pottle Pots.*

I'le ask, it is less difficult to bear a danger, then 'tis to instruct it; come hither boy, whose buried from that House?

Drawer. 'Tis Mr. *Learcut* Sir.

Mr. *Manly.* Ha, boy! prethee speak that again.

Drawer. 'Tis Mr. *Learcut.*

Mr. *Man.* There's a Crown for thy News boy. [*Gives money*

Draw. Thank you, Sir, would you please to know any thing else I can tell you?

Mr. *Man.* Yes prethee, how, and when died he?

Dra. He was Drown'd yesterday.

Mr. *Man.* I'm sorry—'twas no sooner. [*Aside.*

How hath he disposed of his Estate?

Dra. Troth Sir, I know not but I heard my Master say, his Daughter was to have all.

Mr. *Man.* There's an Angel boy. [*Gives money.*

Dra. Sure the Gentleman's distracted. [*Aside.*

Mr. *Man.* Sirra, I'le set thee up, Rogue, thou shalt be free of *Guild-Hall.* I'le change thy Apron into a Gold-Chain; thou shalt talk to Gentlemen with thy Hatt on, come tell more good news, how does his Daughter resent it.

Drawer. What's that Sir.

Mr. *Manly.* How doth she base it Knave?

Draw. Very sadly, 'tis said Sir, and the servants of the house say she would do much worse, but that she is cheer'd up by her Husband.

Mr. *Man.* Ha Boy!

Dra. By her Husband Sir, that came very rich from beyond Sea lately.

Mr. *Man.* Give me my money again boy.

Draw. Excuse me for that Sir, my Father was a Gentlemans Falconer, and he told me the first Principle of Hawking was Hold-fast, if you are upon that lock, Farwell Sir. } *He offers to run away.* } Mr. Manly *catches him.*

Mr. *Man.* Nay, friend, I shall take advice from your Father too, for holding fast, and keep you here a little longer.

Draw. O Lord Sir, for heavens sake, my Master will hang me for staying.

Mr. *Man.* And I'le cut your throat, if you offer to stir; this shakes me, if *Hazard* have served me an old trick of Trustees, and entr'd my Freehold for his own use. I'm rarely serv'd—yet if he would have don't, I have such high proofs of her Loyalty I know't impossible! Yet woman though she be a fine thing must be charily kept from touching, or she will crack like a *China* dish, with a little blow. It may be he hath assur'd her of my death, and so hath wrought her well, be what will, I am resolv'd I'le not appear till the solemnity be over, come Sirrah, get me a room where I may see the Funeral march by, her's s'other Crown for you.

Draw. I Sir, with all my heart, but beg pardon of my Master for me, hee'l rant like a Corporal.

[*They go out.*

SCEN.

SCEN. II. *In* Learcut's-House.

Andrew and *George*.

Andr. MAke hast up to *Libel* quickly, there's an old toothless Lady that feels the Burnt-Wine needs no chewing, has mumbled the Silver Flaggon full, and calls for more still.

Georg. And there's the Seamans wife, that sits next to her has wept out the bowl twice filld in telling a mournful story, how her first Husband was wrackt 'oth' sands for want of water.

Andr. A curse on her old dun Chapps! where the Devil does she find Stowage for all she swallows?

Geo. Marry, hang her! shee's Hogs-head risen in the Waste. These women of a Dutch built are all Hold, within two inches of their Port-holes, both a low and abaft. [*He goes out.*

Andr. Nurse, here's no body here but I now.

Nurse *Reaches a gallon pot from behind the* Scenes, *and sayes within.*

Nurse within. Here *Andrew* quickly clap this under the Stairs, and let my Son carry't home when he comes.

Andr. I warrant you, by this light, 'tis as hot as a smoothing Iron, now fill me mine speedily that I may be Jogging.

To him Dick.

Dick. Fly, fly *Andrew*, they are ready to Choak for want of you, in the back Chamber there's the Grocers daughter stands licking her lipps at the empty Goblet, like a Horse founder'd upon all four, and rocks her self from one Legg to tother.

Andr. I'm there already. [*He's going out with his Pot.*

To him George.

Geo. More Wine for the Lords sake, there's a Feltmakers Wife within, come out of *Southwark*, that inveighs against intemperance, she has sipt off my Lading in her declamation, and is now fallen into a new discourse *over Andrew*. I'le say this for her, she keeps close to her Text still.

Dispatch me, Nurse this Pot will hold 'em some play.'

[*Goes out with the Pot.*

To him Andrew.

Andr. The Women are all serv'd, *George* into the Chamber where the Corps are, the Gentlemen will be soon run over, for they are most of 'em Sack drinkers, but have a care of the Constable, and be sure you fill him a brimmer, or hee'l call twice.

Geo. The best way to please him, is to set the Pot to his Nose,

[*Goes out laden.*

Andr. Prethee Nurse, quench me with a bowl of the sweetest. I am so dry, I shall take fire else. } *She reaches out a Bowl from behind, and he Drinks.*

Truly these burials are very comfortable things, they are tricks to make men do good works after their death, here Nurse, give me my charge now a bigger bowl for the Servingmen as you love me, they have breath that will suck like whirl-pools.

As he goes off, enter Hazard *and a* Footboy *at the other door.*

SCEN. III. *Learcuts House.*

Haz. ART thou sure 'twas he?

Foot. Am I sure you are not he? He was in the very Cloaths you gave him first, leaning out of the Tavern window one pair of Stairs high towards the Street with a Tobacco-pipe in his mouth.

Haz. Take that for thy discovery. [*Gives money.*

—I'le make thee more famous then *Columbus*, boy

Call *Underwitt* hither to me. [*The* Footboy *goes out.*

Is the Gentleman so hasty? Is he jealous? 'Twas an oversight in me to leave money with him. Had I only taken order for his Diet he might have stay'd there yet, and not like an unmannerly Cuckold have interrupted me in my banquet on his Spouse. Wit repair this Errour, or thou shalt for ever do pennance in durty sheets, and wast thy Treasury in writing speeches for the City Pageants (He studies) it must be so, there is no remedy.

To him Underwit.

O *Underwit*, welcome, I want thy helpindeed now.

Und. Why, what new accident?

Haz. *Manly's* come over.

Und. How!

Haz. Nay, I know not how; whether in an Egg-shell, or a Man of War.

Und. How came the Intelligence?

Haz. My boy going out for Torches saw him in the Tavern Window.

Und. All's spoil'd then, if we love our selves, let's sneak out at the back-door, with what we can take up privately, unto our Ship, and set sail.

Haz. Whence this fear? Art thou turn'd Coward lately?

Und. Faith, I thought I was valiant once, but then I was honest, I believe I could yet make a shift to fight, but to be wafted up to Tyburn in a Land Sculler, attended with a Train of Halberdiers, Truant-prentices, seems to mee much unlike a gentleman.

Haz. Come, be resolute, and dare thy fate. I'le teach thee how to ward this blow, be thou but bold.

Und. You know though I am no Master Architect of high design. I'm an indifferent subordinate workman, and can obey directions.

Haz. Then thus, (They whisper) how lik'st thou this? Let me hugg thee!

Und. Hast thou never a little *Cadua* that follows thee? Nothing less then a Devil could teach thee this.

Haz. Commit not Sacriledge to Mercury;
Nor rob him of his honour, he's the God of Coyners boy, and Sublimates a wit.
He flies into my fancy when I'm mov'd there.
Away, about it quickly. [*They go out severally.*

SCEN.

SCEN. IV. *The Street.*

Mr. *Manly.* WHat a deal ado is here about a Fellow rais'd from a Whole-sale Cheese-monger to be a Merchant, and Match into a Noble Family! What a Melody the Peckled boys of Christ-Church made! A Herald Usher'd the Hearse forsooth, and after that a mourning Serving-man with a Crest. *Thomas* succeeded him with a Helmet instead of a Butter Firkin, next marcht his Hearse beset with Funeral Scutcheons (Azure on a Fez Argent, three Tortoises, in chief as many Plates, which are by interpretation, three Holland-Cheeses on a Stall, and the Suffolk on a Shelf) in the rear of this came my Spouse, supported by my Benefactor, with a Pox to him, and after him the whole crew of *Billingsgate* and *Wapping*.

To him Haz. *leading* Mrs. Manly *in mourning and* Isbel.
Oh, here they are returning, now I will salute 'em.

Haz. Dear fair one, stop those flood-gates; you o're flow,
Your health as well as beauty.

Isb. Sweet forsooth Cozen, be your self again.
To grieve that is to Capitulate with heaven.
Or repine at it, did you indent with Providence.
His Life should out last yours, thank Heaven for lending it so long; grudg not to part with what's not yours when the Owner calls for't, as the Parson sweetly told us.

Manly. By your Leave Gallants.

Mrs. *Man.* Sure I should know that Voice. { *Lifts up her veil and sinks.*
Man. Do you know me Madam:
Sure you are not so over-grown in Tears, but your Eye may discern whether you know me then:

Haz. I'le satisfie you briefly. Sir, I ne're till now beheld you.

Man. No Sir, I am her Husband.

Haz. If any former Contract do Intitle you to make a claim, do it by Law, Our Marriage cancels it, let the Church decide the Controversie.

Isbel. Sir, forbear you are uncivil, if you have ought to say, Do it by your Proctor.

Manly

Man. Do you think I'le be talk'd out of my wife?

Haz. Your Wife.

Man. I my Wife ravished by thee.

Haz. Call for a Beadle hear to conduct this Madman to *Bedlam*.

Man. Do, and bid him bring a whip with him, why thou base Impostor with what forehead dareſt thou deny theſe evidident truths: canſt thou deny thy promiſe made to me for my re-eſtabliſhment in my Eſtate, and now inſtead of that, ranſak'ſt my rich Treaſure, thou perjur'd Trayterous Villain.

Haz. Theſe fowl words I know not how to anſwer.

Man. I believe thee.

Haz. In tearms as ſcurrillous, but the Laws ſhall revenge my ſilence, i'le provide you a Desk with a window to peep out at, where exalted above the Vulgar, you may declame to the Admiring Porters.

Man. 'Tis a place i'le not diſſeaſe you of, y'are heir apparent to the Pillow; and in great probability to inherit a more lofty tenement near *Padington*.

Haz. You look as you would take a room there.

Man. Counterfiting my perſon makes it yours by the Statute, Did you ſupply my wants to begger me, your Charity was a Plot I ſee.

Haz. What means that *Orlando furioſo*, is the Moon at full that he raves thus? Your name is *Tom*.

Man. Is it ſo, and you would make it Fool: but e're we part you'l find I've wit enough to prove you a Knave; you are Mr. *Manly* I hear Sir, whoſe rich Uncle died lately, and left you an Armado of rich *Indian* Ships.

Haz. The very ſame Sir, would you ſerve him; bring a Certificate that you'l bid none but your ſelf: and that you can keep Cloſe—— at Dinner time, and I may be wrought to beſtow a pide Coat upon you.

Man. It would be better Husbandry to provide your ſelf with a Clean Night-Cap, that go out like———

To them Thomas.

Tho. Will ſorrow be buried with him: Now muſt I wriggle my ſelf into my young Miſtriſſes favour; bleſs me Sir, you have chang'd Clothes very ſpeedily!

Man. O here's one will dash thee,
Know'st thou me *Thomas.*

Tho. Know you, Sir, 'tis not so long since I saw you, that I should forget you, d'you think I do not know you because your habits alter'd.

Mr. Man. Now, Sir, are you meditating an escape?
[*To Haz. amazed.*

Tho. O Sir, I cry you mercy, I took you for Mr. *Man.* [*To Man.*
But I see I'm mistaken. [*runs to* Hazard.
I have bin with the Ringers, Sir, They are strong Knaves and have pull'd out a piece from me.

Haz. Now, Sir, are you in contemplation which is the nearest way to *Bridewell.* [*To* Mr. *Manly directed.*

Tho. Heres an impudent Fellow would perswade me I am not my self.

Mr. *Manly.* Is he of the Conspiracy too? Sirrah, dare you deny that I am her husband? [*Takes* Tho. *Violently by an Arm.*

Haz. Dar'st thou deny she is my Wife.
[*Takes him as eagerly by the other.*

Tho. No, Truly gentlemen not I.
But I am sure this is Mr. *Manly,* [*Points to Hazard.*
For I saw him in Bed with his Wife this morning, and help't to dress him in these very Cloathes, and indeed la, I think you are he too, [to *Manly.*

Ish. Are you not well.
She faints again, I'le cut her Lace, run up to the Cabinet, and fetch some Spirits somebody?

Tho. I saw a Goldsmiths boy slit a shilling once, and the Stamp was visible on both parts:
Hath no body serv'd you so Sir? [*To Hazard.*

Haz. Why Reason we with one that wants it thus, in the mean time neglecting her; forgive me Sweetest, } *Runs to*
come help here, *Thomas,* her eyes open. } Mrs. *Man.*

Mrs. *Manly.* Oh!

Haz. Bow her this way.

Mrs. *Manly.* Prithee, let me prop my self with thy neck, O Villain thou hast ruin'd me—— [*To Haz. in his care*
And on my Name stuck an eternal infamy.

Haz. I, dear Lov, thou shalt have any thing, give her more strong-waters, drink till th'rt——

Mrs. *Manly.* Drunk, and then I may be impudent! O whither shall I turn me? [*Aside.*
If I am Just, I blast my fame for ever!
If I conserve my fame, my Faith's abandon'd.
To be a Loyal Wife I must proclaim my self [*She weeps.*
A Strumpet.

Haz. As I live, she begins to waver, do you hear [*Whispers to*
Renounce him stiffly, or you know with what Tittle } Mrs. *Man.*
The Town will qualifie you.

Mrs. *Man.* It must be so. I must abominate a real Vertue,
That unto Vulgar eyes I seem unspotted.

Isb. Still weeping forsooth Cozen?

Mrs. *Man.* Pray rescue me from the impertinencies
Of that babbling brawling Fellow yonder.

Isb. Wee'l into your Chamber, there repose upon the Couch.
Mrs. *Man'y, Isb. go out.*

Mr. *Man.* Such strange impudence I never heard of.

Haz. Will you vanish Sir? Do not disturb the quiet of this dwelling with your unmanner'd railings, had you come in a fair civil way you had bin welcome, and might have bin drinking with the Servingmen.

Tho. Friend, pray be moderate, if all this stir be for a Cup of burnt Wine, go home and fetch your Dish, and the Porter shall bring it out to you.

Mr. *Man.* Is't not enough to be gull'd, but I must be jeer'd too? [*Draws.*

As he is Drawing comes *Underwit* and *Snippe*,
With three Watchman.

Und. That's he with the drawn Sword.

Snip. Come neighbours, let us steal behind him softly, softly.

Mr. *Man.* How now, what mean you?

[Snip *and his* Watch *seize on* Mr. *Man.*

Snip. What! does he resist? Take away his Sword and knock him down Neighbours for a sawcy fellow! Not obey Officers?

Mr. *Man.* Wherefore do you pinnion me? I am no condemn'd Rogue.

Snip. No, not yet, but you may be in good time, let's away with theſe Pick-pocket Thieves, neither I, nor my Subjects can ſleep on the ſtalls a night quietly for 'em.

1 *Wat.* I do not think but this is he that ſtole away my Lanthorn, I dreamt of him preſently after.

2 *Wat.* I, and I warrant you, he had my Bill too. Sirrah confeſs.

Mr. *Man:* Is all the City Mad?

3 *Wat.* No Neighbour, I ſee he has no grace in him; he will not confeſs.

Mr. *Man.* Let me but know my crime, and I'le obey your Wooden Power.

1 *Wat.* How now, Malepert Raſcal! Talk to Mr. *Conſtable*, Kemb his Head with a Halbert.

Snip. No, Neighbour, patience, I will give him leave to ſpeak; he has but a ſhort time, his breath will be ſtopt ſuddenly, alas friend 'tis no great fault y'are accus'd of; 'tis only flat Felony, taking a purſs upon *Shooters-hill*; that's all.

Mr. *Man.* Who I? Let me ſee my accuſer, I know he'l acquit me.

Haz. Oh, are you one of that Fraternity! he came hither, *Thomas*, upon ſome deſign, is the Plate ſafe?

Tho. There was a ſilver ſpoon miſſing Yeſterday, it may be he has it.

Mr. *Manly.* Let me but view the party robb'd.

Snip. There he is, Sir, [*Points to* Underwit.

Mr. *Man.* Oh! are you the man? then I ſmell whence this wind blows, you are that Cheaters Complice, when you robb'd Sir.

Und. Is Yeſterday ſeven-night, ſo long a go you have forgotten it.

Mr. *Man.* What did I ſpoil you of? your vertues? or one bale of high men, and another of low? Forty copper Rings, and one goldone to put of the reſt off?

Und. Yes, thoſe very things, beſides twelve pounds in ſilver. How readily he can tell the number! Gentlemen, remember he has confeſt the gold ring.

Sn. & *Wa.* I, I, I wee'l bear witneſs, come, hale him away.

Mr.

Mr. *Man.* By heaven I'm abus'd! I came but this night from Sea.

Vnd. Oh, Sir; These excuses will not serve.

Mr. *Man.* Take but that Fellow along with me in the mourning Cloak, he's the arrant'st Cheat——

Snip. How now, Sawcebox! what! abuse Mr. *Manly*? away, away with him, he's an arrant Knave I warrant you.

[*All goe out but* Haz. *and* Tho.

Haz. Did you ever see such an impudent Rogue, *Thomas*?

Tho. Never since I was born Sir, but me thinks he's very like you good Sir, let me bite a mark about your face, that I may know you.

[*Thom. goes out.*

SCEN. V. *A Chamber.*

Mrs. Manley alone.

TO what a Precipice do you hurry me,
My wicked thoughts! O whether am I reeling!
Why did I not acknowledge my delusion?
Then I had yet been white in my own innocence:
Whereas this rash black act of my denying him,
Stains me all over with incontinence.
Now I perceive sins do not walk alone;
But have long trains, endless concomitants,
Who acts but one will soon commit a Million. [*Enter* Hazard.
He comes again, this ravisher of my honour,
And yet; I know not why, I cannot hate him!
Would he could put on some less pleasing form;
I am not safe in this —— But I must Muster
All I have left of vertue to resist him.

Haz. Peace to your fair thoughts, sweet Lady.

Mrs. *Man.* It must come then, by some other Messenger.
Thou art the Screech-owl to, the bird of night
That bod'st nought but ill: Why do'st thou follow me!

Haz. Why do you fly me!

Mrs. *Man.* Because thou Breath'st infection on me: thou art to
A Pestilence (or should'st be!) to my Nature.

Haz.

Haz. If I'm infectious, 'tis alone with Love;
And then no wonder, if like those who bear
Contagion about 'em, I desire
To infect you with the same Disease!

Mrs. Man. I bear thy spots already in my Fame;
And they are Mortal to it.

Haz. They are not visible:
And so long, all conclude you may be cur'd
I can bring Cordials to restore your honour,
But you shun your Physitian.

Mrs. Man. No, my Condition's desperate; 'tis past help.
I am undone for ever.

Haz. How many Women whose names stand white in the Records of Fame, have acted willingly what you were wrought by fraud to suffer; only they keep it from the publique knowledge, and therefore they are innocent. How many Fair ones, were this your story acted in a Play, would come to see it sitting by their Husbands, and secretly accuse themselves of more. So full of spots and brakes is humane life, but only we see all things by false lights, which hide defects, and gloss o're what's amiss; ——Grant me your Love once more, and I will yet restore your Honour: You shall appear as vertuous and innocent, as you are fair and charming.

Mrs. Man. How dar'st thou move so impudent a Suit,
Or hope the least success in't! Can I think
Of all Mankind thou canst restore my Honour;
Thou Thief, thou Murtherer, thou destroyer of it.

Haz. I grant I am a Thief, and who so proper
To give Wealth, as he who robb'd you of it?
But I have not destroy'd it: 'tis it safe,
And does not that deserve some recompence.
Love me, and let me get a new possession
From knowledge of that good your Error gave me,
And you shall see what ——

Mrs. M. Never, name it no more; no prayers shall ever win me.
No Sophistry seduce, or Tortures force me.
To one dishonest act, now known dishonest!

Haz. What contrary effects enjoyment causes!

In

In you a loathing, and in me a love!
The sence of such a blessing once possest,
Makes me long after what before I priz'd not:
And sure that needs must be the truest passion,
Which from possession grows; for then we know
Why 'tis, and what we love: all love before,
Is but a guess of an uncertain good,
Which often, when enjoy'd we find not so.

Mrs. Man. Why am I forc'd to tell you that I love you?
I do, and blush to say it; but my guilt
Shall reach no farther than my self; expect
No fruit from my Confession, no new yielding.
Yet love me still— for that I may permit you;
Think of no other woman for my sake,
And I'le forgive you what is past: and sometimes
More then I should remember you!

Hen. And is this all that I must ever hope?

Mrs. *Manley.* This is too much!
Have pitty on me, and demand no more:
Leave me some Love for him who should have all:
And, if you have so much of honour in you,
Invent some means to piece my shatter'd Fame.

Hen. Madam, I will not shame your Charity:
You have forgiven me, and I'le deserve it:
I'le give you from my self; though I can ne're
Forget you have been mine: You have left in me
An hatred to all woman kind besides,
And more undone me in this short visionary joy
Of once possessing, then I e're could you.

Mrs. Man. Then Farewel!
Farewel the mutual ruine of each other:
Farwel a dream of Heaven: how am I toss'd
Betwixt my duty and my strong desires!
Dash't like a ship, upon an unseen Rock,
And when my care can hardly get me off;
Yet I am ready to repeat my crime;
And scarce forbear to strike a second time.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Enter

Enter Isbel.

Haz. How now, what News from *Tripoly*?

Isb. O Lord, Sir, 'tis no jesting matter, my Mistress is in the strangest taking, she fomes as if she had the falling sickness, Curses like a Carman stopt going up *Ludgate-Hill*, and has whetted the point of her Steel bodkin, as if she had a plot on us, she has askt twice or thrice for a Knife.

Haz. Never fear her, I warrant you, she that will ask for a weapon is not desperate; get you gone in to her, and twattle her out of the sullens if you can; if not, I'le not long be absent.

[Isb. *goes out.*

To him Underwit.

Underw. I have done the business, the Justice was as stately as a drunken Constable at midnight, till his Clark whisper'd him in the Ear what I had brought him, and told him of your promise of a Turky Pye at *Easter*, then the weight of that made him lean to my party, and now he has committed him to Newgate.

Haz. Thomas (*Thom.* within) Sir? (*Hazard*) away to the Jaylour, grease him in the Fist, desire him to be the new Prisoners Scrip ter, and bestow Cuffs on him.

Underwit, a Word. We must break up house-keeping presently, and away; for this Woman's plaguy peevish, and will discover all: go abroad quickly, we'l to Sea to Night, though I am monstrous loth to leave Her.

Underw. 'Tis impossible, for I spi'd one of the Sailours in a Strong-Water Shop, who tells me another Ship fell foul of ours, and has broke her Stern and Galleries.

Haz. Then we are lost!

Underw. No, not so; I'le help you out, so that we may scape gainers, though not so great ones as we aimed to be. I thought on my expedient in my return from the Justices, and least my memory might fail me, writ it down: There 'tis, (gives him a Paper) you know *Manly*'s credulous enough to believe a formal story, And while you prepare the woman; if I work not his dull clay brain to any thing, I am no Master Potter.

Haz. I like the design, let us about it presently; and with the Morning-Tide, down to the Ship.

[*They go out.*

SCEN

SCEN. VI. *The Street.*

Snipp and three *Watchmen.*

Snip. Neighbours, I am a Searcher by my Place, and a Constable by my Office; you are my Trusty boys, that Watch my Candle, and take a care that I do not sleep in the dark. I am not ignorant of your abilities, for every night I'm on the Watch, you overcome eighteen penny-worth of my Ale apiece, besides what Thieves allow that they may steal by us, and our extortions from wandring Wastcoateers, with all which you are yet able to reel home in the mornings, which shews, you have not only able Legs (and those I have seen you use very nimbly when you have been assaulted by drunken Gentlemen) but strong Brains, wherefore Neighbours I ask your advice concerning this Warrant.

1 Pray Mr. Constable, whose Warrant is it.

[*Snip. pulls out a Warrant.*

Snip. By' Lady, that's a hard question, for a Justice of Peace with the help of his Clark made it; my Gossip *Turnup* paid for it, and she delivered it to me.

1 I but I mean Mr. Constable, from what Justice came it?

Snip. Why it came from Justice *Shipwrack*, a very able man: I know not what rent he sits at, but that he paid a good fine for his place, it cost him a brace of hundreds to be put into Commission— but to the business— my Gossip that gave it me, told me it was a Warrant; but we Magistrates must not trust too much to Information. I cannot read it Neighbour, pray do you.

2 Truly, 'tis a very pretty thing, how evenly 'tis cut!

3 Hold up t'other end Neighbour.

2 Why, will you teach me to read?

3 No truly, I will not teach you to do that I cannot do my self; but I know you hold it as if you were about to shew tricks with the heels upwards. Well, this is from the purpose how do you like the Warrant?

2 Very handsomely indeed, Mr. Constable, these dainty fair black stroaks look very prettily upon the white Paper.

3 Lord! To see what some men can do! How many scratches go to the making of a Warrant!

Snip. Well, but what are the Contents?

2 Nay, there I leave you. I should have learn'd to write and read too, had not all my time been taken up in running of Errands.

3 Give it my neighbour here, he was Clerk of a Parish once, and might have been still, had he not frighted the Patron out of his sleep with Tuning a Psalm. He has his Written-Hand at his Fingers ends.

1 I Neighbour, I can spy the business through these thick Spectacles. These are—— [*He reads.*

Snip. What are they Neighbour?

4 A Warrant I'le lay my life on't.

1 Patience, good Mr. Constable to will and Command you——

Snip. I and you too, Neighbours, I'le not go else, do you think I'm mad, to be duckt alone?

Snip. Well, one.

1 And Command you to——

Snip, Nay, by'r Lady, all four or none I say again.

1 Observe Mr. Constable——

To make strict Search——

Snip. I promise you I'le be strict enough.

1 And Enquire——

Snip. Wee'l enquire into every Hogshead in the Ship. No Vessel shall scape unsearcht, even to the very *Aqua Vitæ* Bottle.

1 In all suspitious places——

Snip. Hold, Neighbour, here is a very suspitious house hard by old Mrs. what do you call's, that whiffes whole pots of Ale off, and cries Dam me you whore, pledge the Gentleman—— *Super-naculum*, or I'le fling the remainder on your Satin-gown. She's a good one I warrant her, had not we best look there?

1 Indeed Mr. Constable, she's a vertuous Matron, pays Church duties justly though she make no use of it, and does a great many Charitable deeds in the Parish, she took a likeing to my daughter, because she was somewhat handsome, and keeps her I warrant you, in good silk gowns by'r Lady all the Term time.

Snip.

Snip. Read on then.

1 Namely in the Ship called the *William.*

Snip. Mark that Neighbour.

2 Yes my nameſake.

2 Riding about *Cuckholds Haven.*

Snip. Remember that Neighbour, that we do not forget whither we are to go.

3 Ne'er doubt it, I call to mind a very good token, a Shipwright got my eldeſt boy there in a Lanthorn of the great Ship.

1 For the Child of Widdow *Turnup*—— O Young Rogue! ſteal already.

Snip. No, Neighbour, you miſconceive that Child, for he is ſtol'n poor fool, ſome Knave or other has ticed him away with a baked Pair, and my Goſſip hear's this Ship is bound for the *Bermudos*, and ſuſpects he may be ſpirited into it, truly Neighbours conſider ſoberly, and 'tis a very hard caſe, when we cannot get Children our ſelves, but are forc't to allow wages to Seamen, and labouring younger brothers to do it for us, and as ſoon as ever we have 'em they muſt be ſtollen, there's all our charges meerly throne away.

2 Does any body ſteal Children?

Snip. Yes, familiarly when they have poor folks bratts, the Church-wardens wink at ſuch ſmall faults; nay, and ſome think (under the Roſe neighbours) 'tis done by their own Journeymen.

2 I would fain be acquainted with theſe Child-ſtealers. I have a Litter of my little Urchins at home, I'le ſhew 'em how they ſhall ſteal them every one, and their mother too if they pleaſe, but then they muſt come in armour, for ſhe's a plaguy Jade, and will kick woundily.

Snip. On, On.

1 All perſons whom you ſhall inſtruct, to bring before me, require in all perſons to be aiding and aſſiſting unto you——

Snip. That's ſome comfort yet.

1 Fail not at the Execution hereof——

3 Execution! What? have we more power to hang, draw, and quarter with 'em, but we cannot hang 'em, read that over again Neighbour.

1 Fail not the execution hereof on your peril.

Snip. I, There's the sting in the Tail of all Warrants, we must execute other mens wills on our own perils, while they snort in security.

2 By the Mass, this is a dangerous business indeed! these Marriners are boistrous Knaves.

Snip. We must even through stich with it. I have made my Will, and took my leave of my Wife and Children; let's run to the Alehouse and say prayers over a double pot, and then we may venture the more boldly by the time, Tide will serve.

3 Yes, Mr. Constable, but pray let's make all the haste you can, for you know the Warrant saies the Ship is now riding about *Cuckholds-Haven*; but if it rides but a Trot or a hand gallop, it may be twice as far off e're morning.

Snip. Do not be afraid of that Neighbour, for while it turns round about it, it ever now and then comes into the same place again; and there certainly we shall find it, for it dares not disobey our Warrant.

ACT.

ACT: V.

SCEN. I. *A Ship* or *Gunroom.*

Learcut, and the *Boatswain*, Duke *Watson*.

Learcut. I'le give thee a Tenement of four pound, *per annum* and let me go to Land again.

Boat. I'd rather lie 'ith Bilbows, then in such a Hovel; it cannot be so convenient as a Hammaque.

Learcut. I'le give thee Cheese to Victual thy whole Family for a Twelve-moneth, though every soul were Welch.
A whole Tun of Butter to mollifie thy stony Bisket, and twenty new stampt spankers tied up 'ith corner of a Handkerchief.

Boat. Your Cheese is mouldy, and your Butter fusty, your old Shop-keepers stick friend.

Lear. What temper is this fellow made on! [*Aside.*
This would have wrought me t'have sold my Father to the *Turks*
I must bid higher yet,
I'le give thy Wife a water'd Chamlet Petticoat,
Lac'd with embroider'd Sattin; a Gold wedding Ring for every Finger, no body shall take for less then a Midwife, she shall have a rough Demicastor with a Sugar-loaf crown; Coifs and Crosscloaths numberless, a Silver Bodkin to rectifie her stairing hairs; new Neats-leather Shooes that creak, and murrey Worsted Stockings.

Boat. You may as soon bribe Tempests, or with your entreaties calm rageing Seas, as tempt me.

Lear. Think the Land you see on either side to be a meer apparition.
Your sole shall not touch ground till you are in *Bermudas*.
If profit will not move, let pitty stir you.
Let not these gray hairs
Be subject to the mercy of a drunken,
Or domineering Planter.

Boat. These hairs I reverence, that the honour
I pay to them may be return'd to me,
When age shall make mine such.
But, Old man, your extortions have degraded you.
Had you shewn pitty to the Needy Widow,
Y'had here not wanted it:
But to your Cabbin, see if you can sleep on't.

Lear. Set me a Shore, I'le make thee my heir.

Boat. Alas! Sir, I am too old to believe the promises of men in distress, I am a Seaman, and have been in a storm.

[*They go out.*

Boatswain and *Salteel.*

Boat. This was a kind Visit indeed to come aboard, y'are welcome to the Masters Cabbin, Captain, were he here himself, I know he'd make very much of you; for he's an old Seaman, and loves one with his life.

Salt. Honest *Boatswain*, thank thee; I read thy kindness in thy eyes, before I heard it from thy mouth.

To them Swabber *with a basket of Bisket, and a Bottle of Wine, Tobacco, Pipes and Match.*

Boat. Noble Captain, once more, welcome; Here's good Wine aboard, and white Bisket, in to the Cook Boy, quickly, Bid him put some Beef in the Stew-pan.

Salt. I see it, and I taste it now.

Boat. What we have given for such in *Algiers.*

Salt. Nothing, for we had no money, had not you made your Escape, you might have staid as long as I.

Boat. I hope we shall be able to requite their courtesies one day. I wear their mark yet. [*Shews his arm, and Anchor on it.*

Salt. I believe, you had but little faith in the *Hieroglyphick.* When they Printed it, that Anchor represented you but slender hopes of your redemption.

Boat. No, for each flook of it put me in mind how fast I was moor'd there.

Salt. But you took an occasion to Cut the Cable.

[*Boatswain Drinks.*

Bat. Yet I was strong enough to bring the Anchor with me.

Salt. I stay'd till mine was weigh'd (I do you reason) [*Drinks.*

Boat. T'other spoonful, noble Captain.

Salt. Here's to your boon Voyage. [*Drinks.*

Boat. I pledge you. [*Drinks.*

Salt. Whither are you bound, [*They take Tobacco.*

Boat. For *Bermudas.*

Salt. Would I had never known't!

Boat. Had you any great loss on that shoar,

Salt. Yes, such a one as I shall never recover. [*Aside.*
I lost a quiet Conscience.
What store of Passengers have you aboard?

Boat. Very few yet, but we keep our Spirits hungry, and they are seeking prey in all quarters.

Salt. How goes the Market now?

Boat. Faith low, a Crown a pole.
Fling out a rope, fling out a rope.

Salt. Who the Divel are those coming aboard tro? Boy what are they? A Searcher come with a Warrant to Search The Ship.

Boat. Noble Captain, pray step upon the Deck, and hold 'em in discourse over a Bottle until I give the word.

Salt. 'Tis the least service I can do you. [*Goes out.*

Boat. But it is greater, it may be, then you think of, what if they should come to search after this old fellow? Then there's a Ship clearly lost, I must tack about to gather wind, or I shall be driven backwards, now let me prove an able Pilot, or my designs sink, where are you, Mate? [*Opens the Scuttle.*
What think you of a little Fresh-air, give me your hand Father. [*He pulls up to him* Learcut.

Learcut. Do you mean to air me that I may keep sweet? Or 'ist your plot I should see earth, and not to enjoy it, but to curse the want of it.

Boat. No, but to seat you in't if you'l be wise; the last Conference I had with you has struck a deep Impression on me, and so wrought me that could I see a probability you would perform what then you promised me, you should be free as I, within two hours.

Learcut. Art thou in earnest?

Boat.

Boat. Were you in earnest when you promis'd me to make me your heir.

Learcut. Yes, by——.

Boat. Nay, do not swear, but set your hand and seal to what I write here. [*Writes.*

Lear. I, I'le subscribe any thing.
I'le sign any Covenants, but never perform any! [*Aside.*
And if he sues, I'le plead *per Minas* to it.

Boat. Here Sir. [*Gives Learcut a Paper, he reads.*
I do promise to adopt *John Whistler* my Son, and settle my estate on him within these ten daies.

Boat. That's all.

Lear. A trifle, then here I sign and seal.
Dull blockhead! He forgets witness too [*Aside.*
This will never hold.

Boat. Well Sir, no this is done; I'le be better then my word. I'le let you see, although I am your heir, I thirst not for for your death, I'le save your life, Sir.

Lear. Am I design'd to death then?

Boat. Without remedy, unless you take my Councel.

Lear. Honest Son!

Boat. Here will immediately a company of Ruffians come, pretending they are Officers (although in truth they are disguis'd Rogues, hir'd by the Master to sound if you would me seek for the help of any you thought could free you from this prison.

Lear. O Villains!

Boat. They'l set a face of searching the Vessel from the Keel to the Top-gallant, and it may be they will blurt out some questions to entrap you; but if you speak the smallest word, or think too lewd a Fellow with a butchers knife.

Lea. Were ever such things heard of! Twenty *per Cent.* is nothing to't.

Boat. Wee'l pair your weazand to the coar without any mercy.

Lear. How happy am I that thou art honest I'le warrant 'em. I'l not speak a word to 'em, I'le breath as softly as I can too.

[*He fixes his eyes on the ground.*

Boat.

Boat. They come now, be wise, what would you have? come upon the Quarter-deck here.

To them Salt-eele, Snip *and* Watchmen.

Snip. The child was in none of those bottles we tasted was it neighbour?

1 No sure, for the Wine tasted very sweet.

2 And the bottle did not smell of Chamber-lie.

3 Pray Mr. *Constable* lets make haste, for I begin to be Sea-sick.

Snip. My Stomack wambles too. [*He spies Learcus.*

God bless us Neighbour! The Devil in the shape of old Mr. *Lear.*

1, 2, 3. Ah, ah, where is he, Mr. *Constable?*

Snip. Oh, there, there, there, neighbours I think none of us can say our prayers, but I am sure we can all run.

[*Snip and the Watch go out.*

Salt. What hast they make! there's one of 'em tipt over into the River.

Boat. It may be he hath need on't.

Salt. His Comrades take little notice of it, for they are putting off without helping him. Oh the fellow has got hold of an Oar, and will not part with it, I'le go down to the Forecastle and keep sight of 'em as long as I can. [*Exit Salteel.*

Boat. Content.

What chear?

Lear. Are they all gone?

Boat. Gone, Yes.

Lear. Shall we ashoar?

Boat. Yes.

Lear. Is the Boat ready?

Boat. Some three or four months hence it shall be to set you a shore in *America.*

Lear. Did you not promise Liberty to me,
If I would sign a Writing I deliver'd.

Boat. Yes, I did so.

Lear. You talkt another kind of Language then.

Boat. Yes, but my meaning was the same as now.

Lear. Why, did you make me hope, but to despair?

Boat. Truth, there was much necessity for it, which you'l be apt to believe, when I tell you when these Searchers came aboard,

I fear'd they had made some discovery of you, by some words you might let slip; wherefore I did apply that promise finely guilded for a preventing Pill.

Lear. Thou hast not only then deluded me, but lost thy self by't, if thou dost not yet perform it look but what an estate, I make thee heir of at least an hundred thousand pounds.

Boat. There take your meat again, do not I know men in necessity are alwaies prodigal of promises? but once escap'd the storm, the Saint to whom they vow'd is laught at.

Lear. Well, Heaven thou art just! for when I made this promise I resolv'd to break it, and therefore I am paid in my own coyn, do but yet shew thy mercy in my deliverance, and here I vow a punctual observation of all promises I e'er shall make, though never so disadvantagious to me. [*Aside.*

To them Underwit.

Boat. Noble owners, welcome aboard, now Sir you may beat your bargain with them, the old man and I have been bartering for his liberty, by the Mass he bids high.

Under. Would you be out of the Ship?

Lear. Yes any where else.

Und. Why, be but patient till we come to the Ocean; we'l fling you over board, and tie a good Cannon Bullet about your neck instead of a Gold Ring in your ear.

Boat. Or what think you of being turn'd loose in a half Tubb, or a Wash-bowl, like a baited Cat.

Und. Yes, you shall have your freedom —— but you shall serve for it some fourteen years among the flax-dressers in the *Summer-Islands*, exercise will get you such a stomack, Sir.

Lear. Is there no hope of ransome?

Boat. Yes, by sneaking out of the world to take a Nap with your Forefathers.

Under. Come I interpose, and on condition you'l be tractable, I'le prevail with this Gentleman, Sign those Articles.

Lear. Any.

Boat. He that is so precipitate in signing any, in my opinion resolves never to keep any, though he huddle on now, hee'l put on his spectacles, I fear, when he should perform 'em.

Lear. To clear that scruple I will swear performance,
And if I fail may he whom I invoke ——

Boat. There's a necessity in believing him, yet still I doubt.

Under. Do not, who knows his space, dyet may have caused much mortification? shall I read 'em to you?

Lear. With all my heart. [*Underwit reads.*

That you pay the Eight thousand pounds left to Mrs. *Manly* by her Grand-father with interest to this day, to her Husband, that you bestow on me and the rest of my friends two thousand pounds for taking the pains to make you just and honest, that such as have had any hand in your Cure shall pass undamaged by any Suits from you, and indempnified from the rigour of any laws, in Condition of which we will make restitution of all we have taken from you, together with your Liberty.

Lear. These are but reasonable, I assent to 'em,
Nay more, I thank you, and shall reckon you
My greatest benefactors, for you have
Restor'd me man, before I was a muck-worm.

Underw. I have obtain'd my ends then, which were only to reduce you to terms of Justice.
Boatswain, this Ship's the wages of thy fidelity.

Boat. Gentlemen I thank you, and I beseech you let a friend of mine be welcome to you in her, noble Captain, be pleased to come into the Cabin.

To them Salteel.

Under. I am astonish'd — but my amazement must turn to reverence. [*Kneels to* Salteel.

Salt. All things conspire to crown me happy, spare that labour, Sir, reserve your knees for Heaven and your Parents — H —

Underw. Do you deny me then.

Salt. No, but I beg pardon of you
My earnest Zeal to make your restitution
Will not permit me, to relate the cause of it,
Least it defer your happiness, but if you will with me —

Under. Will I? Yes into an Earthquake, Mr. *Learoyd* I beseech you dispence with me till Evening; I'le meet you then at your own House.

Salt. With all swiftness imaginable,
Will you along Sir. [*To the* Boatswain.

Boat. Yes, I follow you.

Under. Release the Waterman, how does he take it?

Boat. Faith very well, Sir, I've kept him drunk ever since.

Und. Give him that for the loss of his time. [*Gives him money.*
Well, Sir, Farwell, at seven I'le be at your own home. [*Goes out.*

Lear. Is the Boat ready now?

Boat. It is, Sir.

Lear. To shoar with me quickly, then I shall never believe I'm there, till I feel my feet touch the ground, a comfortable Ditch in the Isle of Doggs now would confirm me.

[*They go out severally.*

SCEN. I. *A Prison.*

Hazard and *Manly* Manacled.

Mr. *Man.* Suppose I did believe, that on necessity
This Usurpation of my name and bed
Were to be pardon'd, that my Wife's untoucht yet.
Yet comes it in the reach of possibility
That to be dragg'd to the Goal, hither, to *Newgate*
To be squeez'd down into the Dungeon
Among ten thousand grey Confederates,
But a degree beneath a Pick-pocket
To be thus Manacled, next Goal-delivery
To be turn'd o'er to *Tyburn* for my good.

Haz. Have you but patience, and you'l grant it is;
For your harsh usage here, 'twas you that pull'd it
Upon your self, had not this trick been put on you,
Y'had ruin'd both your self and me.

Mr. *Man.* Yes, I believe,
I had undone your hopes upon my Wife
But thereby built my self a goodly Fabrick
Seated full Lord of her estate.

Haz. There's your mistake you think that she is Mistress of all *Learcuts* Wealth.

Mr

Mr. *Manly.* Yes, Sure.
Haz. She hath no interest in't at all.
Mr. *Man.* Why have you chang'd the property, and sent it
Beyond Seas?
Haz. No indeed. Yet she hath no right in't.
Man. Do not I know *Learcus* had none to give it to?
Not so much as a Gingerbread Cozen
To bestow a Ring with a Deaths-head on? is not she is Heir!
Haz. No.
Man. Who is then?
Haz. No body.
Mr. *Manly.* He was no *felo de se.*
Haz. Very far from it.
Mr. *Man.* The Man talks Riddles.
Haz. You will find 'em truths.
Because you saw the old man buried,
You therefore do conclude him dead.
Mr. *Man.* What if I do.
That way of reasoning, once upon a time,
Was not thought much incongruous, however now
You Wits o'th' first rate disapprove it.
Haz. 'Tis but a Fallacy, and I'le resolve it
Without the help of Logick, the old Usurer
By my contrivance was conveyed away
To a secure place; in the Interim
Your Wife and I did celebrate his Funerals,
Burying a weighty Coffin for his Worship,
Thus we resolv'd to keep him in restraint
Till we could either force him to be just,
Or re-imburse us out of his estate.
Now I have got's consent, hee'l pay you Sir,
Eight thousand pounds with interest, and receive
You into favour if you yield to this.
I would advise you to't; I will release him,
And in his liberty, you shall meet your own,
If not, I'le drown your Father in Law in earnest.
Transport away your Wife to the *West-Indies.*
Keep all the estate, and the next Sessions.

I'le

I'le hang you for a High-way man, I have Money,
And the City certainly can furnish me
With witnesse for good considerations.

Mr. *Man.* He talks unhappy. I must believe him; [*Aside.*
For my own safety, this choak-pare must down.
I do believe you, that my Wife's unstain'd,
If I believe amiss, I pray forgive me.
I thank you for your fine contrivances:
If you have had any closer then ordinary
With my dear Chicken thank you for them too.
I am not the first Gentleman hath borne
A Horn in's Creſt.

Haz. To clear that Scruple,
I Swear——

Mr. *Man.* Nay, good Sir do not, for an Oath
Will not make me believe a tittle more.

Haz. Come then, we'l walk down and discharge you instantly.
I have a Warrant here will do't, from thence,
Home to your Father-in-Law.

Mr. *Man.* As speedy as you can, for I am
Much out of Love with this fashion of ruffle Cuffs. [*They go out.*

SCENE II. *Learcut's House.*

Learcut. Day light's shut in, and yet my doors are open,
Here has been good House-keeping, I warrant you,
Since my departure, meat Usher'd up with Musick,
And all the Parish have been in the bottom
Oth' Cellar, I'le shut the door and steal in softly
To discry the behaviour of my Family. [*He goes out.*

SCENE.

SCENE.

Isbel affrighted, and *Thomas* holding his Breeches.

Isb. O Lord *Thomas* shift for your self.

Tho. Is death such an excellent Cure for the Gout, he can walk Now. Up to my Mrs. quickly *Isbel*, she can say prayers.

Isb. If he had been a mannerly Ghost he would never have Disturb'd us.

Tho. This comes of not making Love in the day time, then There's ne'er a Spirit of e'm all dares shew his face.

To them *Learcut.*

Isb. Oh! he comes again!

Lear. What do you fear? Why do you shun me thus.

[*Tho. and Isb. run out.*

I am not Pestilential, nor Leaprous.
Gone without answering, is this House mine?
Sure I'm on Ship-board, yet my giddy brains
Have play'd the Carpenters and built these Houses.
Now, me thinks some body knocks at door, [*One knocks.*
And now, methinks I open it. [*He opens the door.*

To him *Drawer.*

And now, my thinks, here is a boy, I cannot dream
All this, what would you have boy.

Draw. I should speak with Mr. *Manly*, Sir.

Lear. Me thinks he speaks too.

Draw. He bid my Master send in his Bill to Night, and I have brought it.

Lear. What is thy Master boy?

Draw. A Vintner, Sir.

Lear. Hey day! My years store exhausted in two dates, I'le examine this boy farther, For what Wine is't boy.

Draw. For the Burnt-Clarret, Sir, at Mr. *Learcut's* Funeral.

Lear. Ha, boy! is he buried; if he be, they have not laid weight enough on him to keep him under ground, for I am he boy.

Draw

Draw. Ha, is the Devil so well pleas'd at a Usurers Burial, that he comes in person to defray the charges, bless me! I see his Cloven foot now, sure he cannot run as fast with that as I with mine. [*Runs out.*

Lear. How now, the boy is fled too? it seems then I am dead and buried, and bring my own Ghost to fright 'em, this is very pretty. I have a fine Daughter in the mean time, that this conspires against me, well, I will prosecute my adventure, and since you have made me an Inhabitant of the lower Region. I'le ramble through every Room, and play some fair Tricks among you. *Exit.*

SCEN. *The Street.*

Underwit, Salteel, and *Boatswain.*

Underw. Sir, I beseech you check these swelling Torrents of my amazement, lest the Lawless Flood pull up my fences by the roots; Why, do you deny to accept that duty you have hitherto smil'd on, when e're I tender'd?

Salt. Can you pardon my Usurpation of your bended knee, When you shall know that I am not your Father?

Under. It is a knowledge I should never thirst after,
But with more fervent prayers wish, I may
Continue in an ignorance I doat on:
Yet, if it be your will to cast me off,
I shall submit to it, and who 'ere
You turn me over for, a Son unto,
My thoughts shall still acknowledge you my Father.

Salt. Some Five and twenty Years are past, since setting forth
A Ship for the *Bermudas*, and employing
My Agents (people commonly called Spirits)
To furnish me for my Plantation
With such as were to inhabit it, one of 'em
Brought you unto me in your Nurses armes.
I Ship'd you both with me your Foster Mother

Died

Dyed in the Voyage of a *Calenture.*
Seeing you deſtitute, and with my ſelf
Conſidering I had made you ſo, my heart
Immediately was fill'd with Love and Pitty.
I carefully provided for your health,
And when you were ripe for generous education,
You wanted not what I could help you to.

Underw. You have by this aſtoniſhment given me occaſion
To be inquiſitive, pray be not offended
If I ask why, till now you neer diſclos'd
This weighty ſecret to me.

Salt. I was ſo proud of you,
That I reſolv'd no man ſhould lay claim to you
Unleſs my ſelf; you may remember I
With ſwelling eyes upon your Cheeks did leave
My parting Tears in *Holland*, where I laſt left you.
You know, I then was a Captain of a Ship
I'th Fleet bound for *Brazile* in the *States* ſervice
When a ſtout *Turkiſh* Squadron maſter'd them,
Then were we Fettered all and ſent to *Algier*,
Where we were us'd with utmoſt Barbariſme.
Then penitence inſtructed my moiſt eyes
To waſh my ſins in Tears. I did ſo, vowing
(If I ever were free) as far as poſſible
To make you reparation; gentle Heaven,
Having a care of you, preſerved me,
For about ſix months ſince, I was redeemed
Mongſt others by the Publique Charity.
We now wear the accompliſhment of my penitence,
For to ſome Houſe adjacent y'are indebted
For your birth, your father will be eaſier found,
And when we know him,
Hee'l make no ſcruple to acknowledge you,
After he views the Evidence, I bring with me:
But we burn day-light, and defer your bleſſing.
Let us enquire.

Boat. Hear are diſcoveries,
More worth the Note then thoſe of the new World. [*They go out.*

The SCENE, *Learcut's House.*

Mrs. *Manly*, *Isbel*, and *Thomas*.

Mrs. *Manly*. Have you leapt out of your Senses? Are you possess'd?

Isb. Sweet Mrs. send for a Cunning Man.

Tho. Good Mrs. *Isbel*, hide me under your Petticoats, that the Divel may not find me, they say he dares not peep under a Maids Coat.

Isb. Are you Lunatick?

Mrs. *Man.* What strange Monster have your fancies been brought to Bed of?

Isb. O Lord Mrs. he leapt in the Key-hole, he has got Fire-brands instead of eyes.

Tho. I, and he draws a great Chain after him.

Isb. Is not the Monkey broke loose?

Tho. I will believe now? Now he's playing his pranks in the Kitchin, hee'l be in the Closset among Your Sweetmeats and glasses presently. } *Clatering among the Pewter.*

Mrs. *Manly*. What should that noise be to?

Isb. Ten to one but the Cats are shewing *Christmas* gambals.

To them Learcut.

Tho. Do I speak truth yet? good Spirit do not pick my bone, I am but lean, and not food good enough for an old Divel.

Isb. Spare me, I beseech you good Mr. *Belzebub*.

Learcut. Fear not t'approach me, for I am yet alive, rumour was somewhat too hasty to kill me, and some of my friends over pious to bury me before I was cold, but I forgive all.

Isb. What Miracle's this? The Emblem of an Apostate? The Spirit tun'd flesh. [Mrs. *Man. embraces* Mr. *Learcut*.

Tho. This is comfortable News, I'm sure it makes the Spirits return to my flesh.

Isb. I'm afraid still, prithee *Thomas* Chear me up.

To them Hazard *and* Manly.

Haz. Madam I now at length present him to you, whose shadow I did represent—— [*Brings* Manly *to his Wife.*

Mrs. *Manly*. Sir, you are welcom.

Mr.

Mr. *Manly.* Do you know me now then?

Mrs. *Manly.* Sir, I hope this Gentleman your Friend, hath explain'd that to you.

Mr. *Man.* Yes, and all ſcruples are vaniſh'd now,
And yet I hear the worſt betwixt you. [*Aſide.*

Lear. How's this? are not you my Son in Law, Sir, [*To* Hazard.

Haz. No indeed, Sir I only attempted your converſion in my Friends behalf.

Lear. But you were my Daughters Bed-fellow in his behalf.

Haz. Friend, That's a miſtake too,
She's free from any unchaſt touch of me.

Mr. *Manly.* Very likely. [*Aſide.*

Lear. Well then my true Son in Law, welcome, I will not fail a Syllable of my promiſes.

Ish. Uſe Exerciſe, as playing at Cards, or Shuttle-Cock, do any thing rather than be idle; and at night when you undreſs your ſelf againſt the fire, chafe in three or four ſhort pithy prayers and the deed is done.

Haz. Why look you, Madam, to let you ſee how far I am from a deſperate *Inamorato*, I promiſe you faithfully I will never trouble you with this Sugar Courtſhip while I live, if on theſe terms you pleaſe t'accept my Viſits, they ſhall be frequent.

Mrs. *Man.* Moſt willingly, for I affect your Converſation.

Mr. *Man.* Well *Thomas*, I remit your errours; but have a care you prove true to me hereafter.

Tho. Elſe may my Pigs ney, here forſake her Truſty *Thomas*!

To them Underwit, Salteel, *and* Boatſwain.

Boat. Lo're your Top-gallant, you muſt ſtick here Sir.

Under. I do with all obedience, and beg your Pardon Sir,
For thoſe diſcoveries I put you upon. [*Kneels to* Learcut.

Lear. Why to me all this?
Do you begin to feel compunction,
And now come to reſtore?

Under. I do ſo, Sir.

Salt. Withal, I here make reſtitution too,
A Son that ſix and twenty years ago was ſtol'n from you by ſome whom I employ'd; a Crime I hope heaven hath forgiven; if you cannot, here do I wait my doom: (Nay do not ſtand ſo like a

Statute, 'tis a truth I publish.) This gentleman an Infant was brought to me in his Nurses Arms, about his Neck this Whistle which I have kept like *Meleagers* brand.

[*Gives* Learcut *a Whistle.*

Learcut. This is the same, now I am compleatly happy
Ev'n ready for my Tombe, and only Thirst
To live in thee.

Under. May you live long and happy,
Dear Sister.....

[*Runs and embraces* Mrs. *Learcut.*

Lear. This Act of yours Cancels my anger.

[*To Saltcel.*

Salt. You are kindly charitable.

Isb. The Brother and Sister are very intimate, and loving already; small kindred are not taken notice of.

Underw. Sister Excuse me, If I lay claim to my new Priviledge, I fear I have assisted an exploit will shame us both. Nay do not blush but tell me, Did *Hazard* e're enjoy you?

Haz. How do you like the new revived Gentleman?

Isb. In truth, he looks like a fine Fellow to make a Husband of.

Und. Sister, I am much taken with your free Confession, Could I now find a way to disanul the former Match, would you receive my Friend into your Bosom, that's the only means to save your good Name, people will talk else.

Mrs. *Man.* Brother, let me see how, least my fame will suffer, And I will fix on that.

Und. Sir, A word with you.

[*He takes* Manly *aside*

I will be plain with you though what I have to say concerns my Sisters innocence. I would advise you to disclaim her, Sir, for by this light, for ought I can hear, she is with Child.

Mr. *Man.* I will requite your plainness, Sir, in *Specie.* Were she now Teeming with a litter of seven; nay did she confirm the miracle of that Lady who brought three hundred sixty five at once, I would not quit her cause, I would not loose the money I have long suffer'd for; but knew I how to compass that, and then be rid of her, she should to grass to Night.

Und. Will you compound, and take one half?

Mr. *Man.* You tempt me shrewdly, how shall I be secur'd of it?

Und. It shall be paid you instantly.

Mr. *Man.* 'Tis done then, I'le to travail again; Come give me your hand.

Und.

Vnd. I, with it pawn my Faith to you.

Mr. *Man.* Me thinks, I have driven a very good Bargain now I ſhall be rid of a Skittiſh Jade, and have money to boot: Farwell Matrimony, if ever I be hamper'd in that nooſe again, let me be choakt with it! [*Aſide.*

Vnd. Cozen your pardon, heark thee *Haz.* } *Salutes* Isbel *and*
Haz. Now your pleaſure with me? } *takes* Haz. *aſide.*

Vnd. What think'ſt thou of my Siſter? how doſt like her?

Haz. Faith I like her very well.

Vnd. What if I made a Match betwixt you two?

Haz. Faith I believe one of us would be content to forfeit our earneſt, thou haſt not a mind to have her hang'd haſt thou?

Vnd. No certainly, but if I could lay level at the troubleſome ſences of the Law, what wouldſt thou ſay?

Haz. I'd ſay thou wert an excellent Pioneer.

Vnd. Wouldſt marry her?

Haz. Yes Fait, for we have both had the beſt tryal of liking one another, 'tis true I have had her before hand but that's but being my own Cuckold.

Lear. What mean theſe Whiſpers?

Vnd. Sir they concern you much, you muſt have another Son in Law.

Lear. Where muſt I find him?

Vnd. In this Gentleman — *Manly* (whatever was pretended to, he never enjoy'd my Siſter, till laſt night ſhe was a Virgin.

Tho. I'le be ſworn ſhe was for Mr. *Manly.*

Vnd. Then take your choice, there is a Marriage without Conſummation; here's a Conſummation without a Marriage.

Lear. If *Manly* be contented, I am; for that way which renders my Child an honeſt Woman.

Vnd. Sir, he muſt be contended; He has been above ſeven years away beyond Sea, and has never Writ her word he was alive; ſo that in Law the Marriage is void.

Lear. Then take her hand ſhe's yours by my Conſent.

Mrs. *Man.* And what is more, by mine. This way my honours ſafe, but by the other nothing but diſcontents and endleſs quarrels could have inſu'd. I hope Sir, you will not judge the worſe of my Vertue by what has paſt between us.

Haz.

Haz. I was in fault not you, but 'twas a fault, so fortunate, that I can ne'r repent it; pardon me for what is past, and for the future all my wild follies and debaucheries I'le leave and place my happiness alone in you.

Lear. And to encourage your conversion I'le give you Twenty thousand pounds with her, and five times as much that I have in store for you Son.

Und. Thomas you look as if your mouth were big with some request or other.

Haz. Me thinks he simpers as if he had a mind to be Married to Morrow.

Tho. Truly Sir you read my Thoughts, for I am as they say, a young beginner, and fain would save the Charges of a Dinner.

Lear. 'Tis granted.

Tho. Thank your Worships. *Isbel* set back your appetite some Four and Twenty hours, and then you shall have your belly full.

Isb. 'Tis a great matter to forbear so long, when a Womans Stomack's up, but I'le endeavour.

Lear. Send for a Noise of Fidlers quickly.

Tho. I mean to daunce this month without Cessation,
And to be drunk as at a Coronation. [*Exit omnia.*

THE

The Epilogue.

TWice lately have you Grac'd our Houſe before;
For Loves ſake, Gallants, *give us this bout more.*
'Tis all we ask, you've reaſon kind to be,
When we're ſo moderate to deſire but Three.
Cou'd you deny the Dear that thus ſhou'd woo
My heart, you've pleas'd your ſelf, now pleaſe me too.
Two damn'd ill Playes, *your favour has o'repaſt;*
We keep our Loving kindneſs for the laſt.
When we grow eager 'twould ſhow rude to ſcoff,
And to ſhrink from us with a dry come off.
You ſee what ſhift we make to meet again,
To Act with raw Boyes, is Loving without Men.
What will not poor forſaken Women try,
When Man's not near, the Signior *muſt ſupply.*
Excuſe our Play; *we dare not hope its taking,*
We're told of a fine Houſe, and Clothes a making.
And theſe hir'd Signiors *when we meet together,*
May then wear Sattin, *though they now wear* Leather.

FINIS.